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ALMA MATER
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INDEX.

37

A

Page

B

Page

B

Page

B

C

C

D

D

E

INDEX.

S

Page

S,

Page

S

Page

T

UV

W

W

W

XYZ

ALEXANDER OGLE.

THE POLITICIAN OF SOMERSET COUNTY WHO WAS AN EXCEPTIONAL CHARACTER

His Powers and Abilities—"A Man
Made on Purpose—His Kind
Complete in Him"

Special Correspondence of the Times.

SOMERSET, April 28.—I write to-day from a noted locality, the seat of justice of a county noted for its production of numerous distinguished men, of one of whom especial mention is made.

Somerset county, which has no navigable stream, is situated far inland and for a long time was in an equal degree cut off from the advanced civilization of the Atlantic coast and the sturdy enterprise of the Mississippi valley, yet notwithstanding the limitation and restraint of life under such circumstances there is no county in the State more remarkable for the production of men of mark. Somerset, which lies among the mountain counties of Pennsylvania, spread over the junction of two ridges of the Allegheny chain, which gives Gen. Ogle's theatre and its people who cast the company for the drama of his life were in such keeping with him as if they had been made for him and he for them.

Alexander Ogle was an exceptionally heroic character, as were Napoleon, Cromwell and Jackson. Doctor William Elder in a sketch of General Ogle says: "He was not one of a litter. He was made on purpose, and his kind was complete in him. He was of a breed which leaves no heirs and needs no successor." He was the patriot politician of Somerset county, the acknowledged great man of the world he lived in. Although not an educated man, as he owed nothing but reading and writing in his mother tongue and simple arithmetic to the school, his instincts were large and true, his feelings so honest and earnest and all his aims so just and generous that he always found the truth and right by sympathy with their

sentiment and was ever sure of the required inspiration at the moment of his need. While he was not deeply read in history, civil policy, law or general literature, knowing no art or science as a system, he was none the less equal to any emergency. Such was his native strength and readiness at all points that in a representative career of forty years in the State and National Legislatures and the incidental contact with the great men in politics, he was never nonplussed by his defects of education. In public debate and conversation he was remarkable for fact, blunt wit and effective eloquence; besides, he had a voice and manner of declamation which insured the reception of everything he uttered.

WHO OGLE WAS.

Alexander Ogle was a man six feet two inches in height, finely proportioned, with great depth of chest. He was a man of courage and confidence, and at the age of forty five was the acknowledged great man of the world he lived in. He was a very singularly odd man, not a whit made up or affected and without an iota of pretence in him. He was honest as steel and as open as daylight. He was all alive; every moment had its purpose and every action a determinate drift. He knew everything, could do everything and took the responsibility of everything. He was the patriotic politician of Somerset county and for half a century did its thinking, managed its business, projected its public roads and every great improvement in the policy of its community.

General Ogle was a Democrat—a Democrat in the best significance of the term. I deem it pertinent to the subject of this correspondence to give a few extracts from a Fourth of July oration delivered by the General, which I copy from the book entitled "Periscopes on Current Subjects, Extemporaneously Treated," by Dr. William Elder, published in 1854. The oration was delivered at Coffee Springs, a mile from the town, in 1833. The meeting was made up of the people of the town and of the neighborhood, mustered en masse. In the course of his remarks the General said:

"My dear fellows, you don't understand it, but it is clear as light that the Lord reigneth and the devil's a fool. I know it; in three score years and ten I never saw the righteous forsaken nor

his seed begging bread. Stretch yourselves up in the light; swell your breasts in the upper air. If you go nosing about in the dirt for a living and dozing in the mud for enjoyment the shadow of a leaf will hide the whole heaven from your sight. Pigs have no prospects. They grunt when they are comfortable and squeal when they are hurt; and they don't understand the course of things. And if any fine fellow here flutters his britches rising he knows who I mean by the parable. * * * I was among those green hills, my dear fellow arizonans, before the oldest of you were born, and snakes and night owls, did you ever detect any humbug in me? If you did, cut with it. I'm so tired of barking that I would like to make a blue. Try your teeth on this tough old hide, ye whippersnappers. There's blood in me that would make you drunk as blazes for the rest of your lives and give your first peep of glory that ever opened upon your benighted souls. Didn't I tell your respectable daddies that they were making fools of themselves in the whisky insurrection? When Washington came to Bedford with the army the Allegheny Mountains rocked under his footsteps, the diminutive manikins that danced like drunken monkeys around their pig-nut liberty-poles in the diamond over there trembled in their shoes till you could hear their toe-nails jingle. I was a Democrat, a Jeffersonian Democrat, then, as I am now, but I wasn't a demagogue, a coward or a broad-mouthed bragger against my country, its laws and its Constitution.

FIGHTING FOR IMPROVEMENTS.

"Your grandmothers can tell you what a rampus these same minnies raised around me for the first wagon road over the mountains to Pittsburg. It would break up the pack horse men, forsooth, and the tavern-keepers and the horse-breeders would be ruined, when one wagon could carry as much salt, bar iron and brandy from Baltimore as a whole caravan of half-starved mountain frames.

"After a while, when the prosperity they had which they at first resisted poured down upon them from a spout, they went crazy, and I was mobbed again for standing by Simon Snyder's veto of that batch of shipplaster banks which the Legislature chartered by a two-third vote and gave you your keepsakes of Owl Creek and Mutton-town bills, and now, wheeling gae, as much too far as you went haw before, you are bellowing at the top of your voice and the end of your wits against all bank paper. Is it any wonder that I keep up my old grudge at the devil for making such people?

"There is a common school system

which I have been laboring for until it is at last fairly on foot. See that you keep it alive and make answer the glorious purpose of its establishment. Don't clip it down to nothing by your beggarly economy. I wish to the Lord that you understood thinking as well as you do eating and could feel an empty head as painfully as an empty stomach. Can't you understand that keeping money in your pockets is not saving it? A dollar in a buckskin purse won't breed a sixpence in a hundred years; but employed wisely in the service of the soul or body it will bless the one and glorify the other. If you can't see the policy of education make a religion of it. Introduce your children there, for every good thought is a guardian angel to the dear little lambs. And don't stop just where reading, writing and arithmetic can be worked into dollars and dimes. Carry them through and over this sordid world into God's world—up to the circle of the heavens where He sits, governing the universe by His laws. Every discovery in the truths of nature is so far into the counsel and confidence of the Supreme Ruler. Only the man who has the mind of God is God-like. Now, for heaven's sweet sake, educate your children. You may talk stupidities about the salaries of public officers as you did against me for voting a gentlemanly per diem to the members of Congress, but don't cheapen your schoolmasters till nobody but bankrupt cobblers, cripples, consumptives and such other incapables can be got to serve you for very shabbiness of salary. Buy cheap store goods if you like, for when they wear out you will know it and can replace them. Buy anything cheap but cheap talent. Don't venture upon that speculation, for you are no judges of the article. The only way for you to insure the excellence of the article is by liberality of the premium which you will offer for it. That will bring the genuine into market and the bogus will be clearly exposed by the difference in the ring, weight and shine.

"I go in, ye see, for the arts of peace, the prosperity of the people and all that blesses and embellishes the life of man; but I would not forget, on this great Sabbath day of the nation, the glory our country has won on the battle-field and on the wave. It isn't the pluck of the bull dog or the game cock in a soldier which I admire, but the high

souled heroism that chooses liberty above life and knows how to make victory a blessing to the world.

"This is a great country, and it isn't all fenced in yet. Very little of it, in fact, is so far finished as to be ready for the first coat of paint. All the wilderness of the new world is ours; for we can occupy it. The dwarfed provincialisms north and south of us have no expansive growth in them: French and Spanish haven't the right kick in their gallop to match us in the race for empire. I have no contempt for any of God's creatures, they'll all weave into the web of existence somewhere, or they will do for salvage and fringe, but showy and shabby is a bad mixture to make up by themselves. They are not of the right stripe for Democrats. They don't come up to the full measure of the American pattern.

"Now I have a few words to say that I don't want you to forget. Turpikes, canals and railroads must be made whether they run in front of your cabin doors or not. These mountains must be tunneled; these valleys must be passed—must be, will be. So don't let any of these miserable who get into your Legislature set you against the necessity which is upon you, making fools of you and soundrals of themselves. Support an enlightened system of public works and choose honest, capable representatives—choose gentlemen, and give snobs the cut direct.

"Parties must be built upon general views and broad policies. Organize as you may upon transient and trivial contingencies, it is all use and foolery. A party with something positive in it will outlive its own abuses and your grumbling, or if the real majority of the nation is too corrupt to purify itself it will not be improved by changing its channels.

"My dear fellow citizens, don't be caught staring aside after every vagabond fancy that inspired idiots can scare up. Within the proper party of truth and progress will be found all available means of reform that political agencies can ever effect. Jonah withdrew in a fit of disgust because the Lord would not destroy Nineveh for its corruptions and sheltered his indignant head under a gourd that grew in a single night and, of course, perished in a night, whereupon he wished himself dead and fainted outright. Bet-

ter beat your small pardon-age of your neighbor's sins and blunders till they are cured than curse their world and quit it in a passion.

"I am done, for I don't jump off the stage or stump like the pony in a traveling circus or menagerie—through a blazing hoop—and I wouldn't whine a dying doxology to my speech if I knew it was the last I should ever make to you in the flesh. My voice will echo from these hills if my life is any use to you and you are worthy of it. Whether I am here among you or there above you, I'll be found doing my duty and minding my business. Go home and mind yours."

From, *Standard*
Uniontown Pa.

Date, *May 8th 1893*

SOMERSET COUNTY.

LANDMARKS AND TRADITIONS OF 100 YEARS AGO.

Indian Outrages Were Not Known, but the Old Catawba Warpath Crossed the County—Religious Beliefs, Educational Matters—Railroad Communication.

The writer has made numerous inquiries, but has been unable to find any "folk-lore" that induces the belief in Indian outrages in Somerset county—the territory now therein—to any great extent, nor can he recall one single instance. Fort Hill seems to have been a block-house in the early days, but the writer cannot recall others. A branch of the great Indian trail known as the "Great Catawba Warpath," runs through part of Somerset county, crossing the Youghiogheny at The Turkeyfoot, which was The Big Crossing, where a town is now built, dignified by the more high-sounding name of Confluence, but the two townships, Lower and Upper Turkeyfoot, preserve the remembrance of the old name—the name given by the Red Men in the auld lang syne. [If Somerset county ever has a historical society, one of the first things it should do is to restore the old name, Turkeyfoot, to the place now called Confluence.—ED.] At Turkeyfoot there is an Indian burial ground, and was perhaps an Indian town—at least a perpetual camp. At Somerfield, where the celebrated stone bridge on the National road now stands, was the Little Crossing, and the Great Catawba Warpath from this point followed the line of the

National road in Fayette county for some distance, when it verged to the left and was the line of Braddock's road for miles. The two branches of the great war path joined again not far from where the town of Bedford, Bedford county, now stands.

The people of Somerset county have always been eminently of a religious turn of mind. If there are any infidels, atheists or materialists in this county they do not obtrude their opinions on others, but bury them in the recesses of their own breasts. The denominations are: The Methodists, both Episcopal and Evangelical, the Lutherans, the German Reformed, the Presbyterians, the Disciples or Campbellites and the Catholics, which latter have a church at Meyersdale. There is but one Baptist church in the county, as far as the writer knows, to-wit: The Jersey church in Lower Turkey-foot township. All the other denominations named have numerous churches. Formerly the Baptists predominated in the county, but at the time of Alex. Campbell's secession from that sect, largely through the pre-eminent influence of the name of Jeremiah S. Black the Baptist congregations of the county bodily went over to the new sect and became followers of the tenets of Campbell and his coadjutors. Only the old church remained true to the faith and remains so still.

Many people in Somerset county are grossly superstitious, and a belief in ghosts, spooks, witches and other products of a fevered brain are not uncommon.

Somerset county is keenly alive on the subject of education, and broad views are usually taken as to the expenditure of money for the educational interests of the rising generation. The first county superintendent was Joseph J. Sutzman, who is yet living. The greatest good that he accomplished as county superintendent was the eradication of German teaching in the common schools; that is, he refused to permit the daily school exercises to be carried on in the German language, or in "Pennsylvania Dutch." This resulted in the beginning of the end of the use of the Pennsylvania Dutch in the ordinary affairs of life, and now a witness is seldom seen in the courts who requests to "put it in the German"—and most young men and women who were trained in their infancy at home to speak the German have lost their German accent, and would scarcely be thought of that descent anywhere.

To enter into an account of the great men of the county would not be consistent with the limits allotted for this series of articles.

There are no navigable waters in this county. The B. & O. R. R. passes through it and on to Baltimore, Md., and elsewhere. The Somerset & Cambria branches off therefrom at Rockwood, formerly Mineral Point, and on to Johnstown. The Salisbury branch puts off between Rockwood and Meyersdale, and runs into the Elk Lick coal region. Another branch puts off at Quakertown and runs south into the great tim-

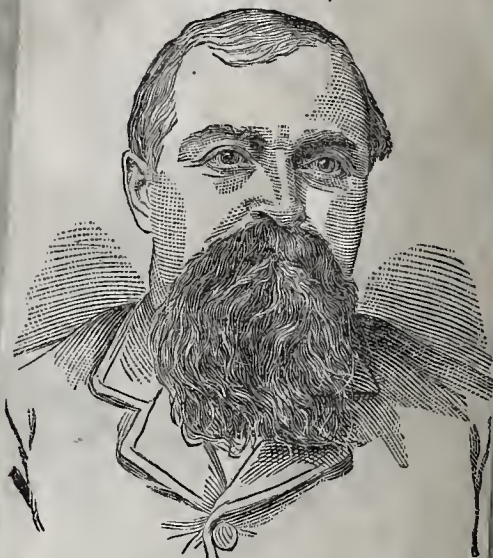
ber and undeveloped region of West Va. A boom in coal and other minerals has been started through the influence of Ex-Judge Bier, a man who has done more for the interests of the county and her people than any other man in her borders today. CLAY.

SOMERSET, May 6, 1893

From, *Standard*
Somerset Pa.
Date, *July 7th 1893.*

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Faces Familiar to Somerset County People.



Daniel J. Horner.

There are indeed few faces more familiar in Somerset county than that which is so truly portrayed above. Daniel J. Horner is as well-known throughout this county as any man within its borders, and his remarkable popularity is clearly shown in the number of votes he received at the recent primary election.

The subject of our sketch, who was a son of John J. Horner, was born in what is now Lincoln township, this county, on the 27th day of May in the year 1843. During his early boyhood he attended the public school in his district. When only ten years old his mother died, and one year later his father was called to his heavenly reward. Being thus left an orphan at the age of 11 years young Daniel went to the home of his grandfather, John

Horner, in Quemahoning township and there worked on the farm during the summer and attended school in the winter for eight years.

When a call was made in 1862 for assistance to protect his country young Horner, although only 19 years of age, determined to answer this call, and on the 11th day of August of that year he enlisted in Company C, 142d Regiment. The first and last battle in which he took part was that at Fredericksburg on the 13th day of December of the same year. In that battle he was wounded by a minie-ball, which pierced his knee joint. In his terribly wounded condition he hopped unaided to the "stone house" on the bank of the Rappahannock river almost a mile from where he was wounded. There he lay until the following morning, when friendly hands carried him to a cornfield on the opposite side of the river, where he lay two days while hospitals were being prepared. He was then placed in a temporary hospital and on the eighth day after he was wounded his leg was amputated above the knee. On the following day he was taken to the Harewood Hospital at Washington City, where gangrene set in and a second amputation was found necessary. This was performed about the middle of July, 1863, and Mr. Horner was discharged on the 27th day of February, 1864.

He came back to Somerset county immediately after he was discharged and remained during that summer with relatives. During the winter of 1864 he taught a school in Quemahoning township after which he attended the college at Mt. Pleasant. The following winter he was again employed as teacher in Quemahoning. He taught the public school at Jennertown during the winters of '66, '67 and '68, and with the money thus earned he attended college at Millersville during the intervening spring terms.

In the spring of 1869 Mr. Horner offered himself as a candidate for Register and Recorder of this county, and having been nominated he was elected and filled the office creditably during his term. During the years '73-4 he carried on the business of manufacturing vehicles at Somerset. On the 1st of February, 1876, he was appointed storekeeper and gauger, in which position he remained until December 31, 1881, when he resigned to ac-

cept the position of clerk to the County Commissioners. In the years '85-6 he was employed as clerk in the bookstore of W. H. Welfley.

In the spring of 1887 Mr. Horner was nominated by the Republicans of this county for Prothonotary and was elected in the fall of that year.

Having closed his official service Mr. Horner with his wife made an extended trip to western states in 1891 and since his return his time has been employed by the duties of the offices he holds in a number of secret societies.

Mr. Horner again appeared before the people of this county as a candidate at the recent republican primary, when he entered the contest for the nomination for Associate Judge. His success in this as well as former canvasses borders closely on the phenomenal. As a political runner he is a marvel—in fact he has been denominated the Sunol of Somerset county politics.

Mr. Horner was married on the 14th day of December, 1870, to Miss Sue Bell, daughter of the late David Bell of Jenner township. To them was born but one child—a daughter—who died on April 2, 1890, in the 18th year of her age.

Mr. Horner's residence on East Main street is one of the cozy homes of Somers-

From, Democrat
Johnston Pa.
Date, July 8th 1893,

A Chair With a History.

In the office of the Somerset Herald stands a chair that has a history. It was purchased by Colonel Scull when the furniture of the old court house was sold in 1852. It was the chair in which the present judges of this district sat for many years—no one knows how many. It was occupied by Judge Thompson, Judge Black and some of their predecessors and possibly for a while by Judge Francis M. Kimmell. The chair is a hand-made one, with a high back and a leather seat stuffed with deer's hair. It is apparently made of hickory and as sound as the day it was constructed. It was one of the few articles saved in the great fire of 1872 from the Herald office.

From, *Standard*
Somerset Pa.

Date, *Nov. 10" 1893.*

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Faces Familiar to Somerset
 County People.



Gen. Moses Andrews Ross.

SKETCHED BY OUR
 SPECIAL REPORTER.

Interesting Historical Facts Gathered
 for Standard Readers.

FROM SOUTHERN PART OF THE COUNTY.

Reminiscences of Somerfield, the Old Stone
 Bridge, Petersburg, Addison Township,
 the National Turnpike—Col. T. B. Sea-
 right and His Book—Sketch of Gen. Ross.

Ye reporter, in compliance with re-
 quest of his chief to proceed forthwith to
 Petersburg, and interview General Ross,
 invest-d in a new lead pencil, and with
 note book in pocket, boarded a south-
 bound train on the S. & C. R. R., chang-
 ed cars at Rockwood to the picturesque

B. & O., again at Confluence to the C. &
 O. and, after a very pleasant ride of nine
 miles up the beautiful Yough valley, ar-
 rived, and got off the train at Somerfield.
 Here a very good dinner, and a look at
 various points of interest, among them
 the historic old stone bridge, sadly out of
 repair until quite recently, but now in
 good shape again, the State having made
 an appropriation of fifteen hundred dol-
 lars for that purpose; then procuring a
 team he drove about three miles over the
 turnpike to Petersburg, and right here he
 must say that in his private opinion, pub-
 lically expressed, Petersburg is undoubt-
 edly the prettiest, cleanest little place in
 the county. It has in it quite a number
 of real nice houses, many of them built in
 the last few years, and of modern shapes;
 the street, it has but one, is kept scrupu-
 lously clean, and has on both sides almost
 unbroken lines of symmetrical shade trees.
 With very fine natural drainage, excel-
 lent water and pure air, being at an ele-
 vation of about twenty two hundred feet
 above the sea level it is very healthy, and
 always has been. The people are intelli-
 gent, courteous, hospitable and seem con-
 tented and happy. Some of them are
 wealthy, none very poor, and nearly all
 are comfortably fixed in this world's
 goods, and own their homes.

The village was laid out in 1818, and
 got its name from that of the owner of
 the farm, Peter Augustine. When an
 application was made, some years after-
 ward, for the establishment of a post-
 office, it was found there was already an
 office of that name in the State, in Hunt-
 ington county, so it was changed to Ad-
 dison, but no change was made in the
 name of the village. It is known now,
 "from Dan to Beersheba," as either Ad-
 dison or Petersburg, and "you takes
 your choice," but the post-office, and if
 you want to write to any one there "don't
 you never forget it," is Addison. This
 is also the name of the township, and was
 given to it, when organized about 1800,
 in honor of the first president judge to
 hold court in the county, Hon. Alexan-
 der Addison.

Petersburg is about half way between
 Uniontown and Frostburg, and also be-
 tween Brownsville and Cumberland. Its
 population is only about two hundred,
 but the surrounding country is thickly
 settled. It has three very creditable
 churches, two of them with parsonage at-

7
tachments, a new opera house and public hall, two hotels, both licensed, three blacksmith shops and five or six stores and groceries. The principal families are the Roddys, Mitchells, Augustines, Rosses, Deans, Starks, Hartzells, Robertses, Brookes, Watsons, Wrights, Nolls, Jeffreys, Jacobs, Inskeeps, Rishebergers, Bureans; Turneys, Shirers, Sackels; Walters, Dukeworths, Nicklows, etc.

The one street of Petersburg is a part, about a quarter of a mile, of the old National road, or turnpike, running from Cumberland to Wheeling, connecting at Cumberland with an older road from Baltimore to that place, and from Wheeling with a road built later to the far West. Everybody has heard of this old road. It was made by the United States government. The act passed the Senate Dec. 30, 1805; the House, March 29, 1806. Commissioners were appointed to designate the route and their report was approved by President Jefferson in a special message to Congress on Feb. 19, 1808. An appropriation of fifty thousand dollars with which to begin the work of construction was made in 1811. The contracts were then given out in sections, and work began at Cumberland. The road was open for travel to Uniontown in 1817. In 1820 it was completed to Wheeling, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles, and one million seven hundred thousand dollars had been expended on it. In 1835 half a million dollars more was spent on it for repairs, and it was given to the three states, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, through which it was built. About this time quaint little stone houses and wrought-iron toll gates were put on it. One of these houses is at the eastern terminus of Petersburg, and looks as if it will "stand the storm" for several generations yet. It is used at this writing as a private dwelling and is quite a curiosity.

No tolls are collected now on the road in Somerset county. A few years ago that portion was given by the State to Addison township, and it is worked and kept in repair like any other township road. It is a good solid road yet. When built it was made of large stones, covered with small stones, but was afterward thoroughly macadamized with a very hard Ohio limestone. The numerous bridges are all of stone. It is said to have been one of the best and most substantial

turnpikes in the United States. As the main thoroughfare between the East and the West, the travel over it for a number of years was very great. In one of them, 1850, the different stage lines carried more than twenty thousand passengers over it. These stage coaches were very large; a load was nine or ten inside, and as many as could get on, and hang on, outside. They also carried the mails. Part of the time twenty-five or thirty would go each way every day. Of wagons of different kinds laden with freight there was no end. Some of them had wheels nine inches broad on the tire and carrying five or six tons, hauled by from six to eight good horses. Drove, one after the other closely following, of cattle, horses, sheep and hogs—horsemen, footmen, all kinds and styles of private conveyances, etc., etc.; imagine it if you can, it cannot be described.

One thing, however, often seen on the road in those "good old times," can scarcely be imagined, especially by our young folks, and that is a drove of men and women, slaves, with skin varying in color from jet black to very light cream; ignorant, and ugly, mayhap, yet human beings all of them, with immortal souls, and some of them no doubt, with "white" hearts, handcuffed together, two and two, securely fastened to a long, heavy chain, tramping along half clad, many shoeless, and drivers riding on horseback with long whips to "waken up" the lazy or the weak! For years if a person wanted to express "an impossible impossibility" it was a very common saying in the country. "I would as soon expect to see grass growing in the National road!"

But by the opening of the Pennsylvania Railroad in 1852 on the north, and the extension in the same year of the Baltimore and Ohio on the south to Wheeling, the business went down rapidly, and the road very soon was, as it is now, merely an avenue of local travel, and plenty of grass, with weeds galore, in the very middle of it too.

Col. T. B. Searight of Uniontown has written a book giving a full and complete history of the road from Baltimore to St. Louis, to the construction of which the government made different appropriations aggregating over five millions of dollars. The manuscript is about ready, and it will be published in the near fu-

ture. It will have in it illustrations of a number of different points of interest. The Colonel, who has been collecting data for twenty-five years, is a cultured gentleman of taste and ability, knows just how to "sling ink" without wasting it, and being withal an old "pike boy" himself, his book will be accurate, intensely interesting and, no doubt, have a large sale.

The reporter found Gen. Ross at his home. It is a large and very substantial brick building in the centre of Petersburg. He had it built about fifty years ago, under his own personal supervision, and has lived in it ever since. He is a large, well proportioned man, with pretty long and very white hair and beard, hospitable, generous, with great urbanity of manner, and the utmost accessibility; and here, in his eighty-fourth year, surrounded by his old friends and neighbors, he quietly sits around and puts in the time reading, writing and in conversation. His wife, who had been his devoted and faithful companion for forty seven years, died in 1888, but he has grown children living in the village, two in his own home, and those who are away go to see him frequently. His mind is clear, and his recollection excellent—can give names and dates of the lang syne without difficulty or hesitation; part of the reporters notes are from information very courteously given by him; part was given by others—his neighbors, and part taken since from the history of the county.

His name in full is Moses Andrews Ross. He was born in, or near Masetown, Fayette county, Penn., September 14, 1810. His mother died when he was about three months old, and he was reared by his grandfather, of whose family he was a member until nearly eighteen years of age, when he came to this county and commenced life as a clerk in the store of John C. Darrell at Somersfield. Afterward he had a store at Selbysport, Md., for a short time, then moved to Petersburg, and went into the mercantile business in the same house in which the store is now, and has been since he opened it, 1829. He has been in the business most of the time actively engaged, for more than sixty five consecutive years, being undoubtedly the oldest merchant in the county, out-ranking, he says, his old friend Samuel Philson Esq. of Berlin, by about one year.

Thorough and very methodical in business, industrious and economical, with

good judgment and the confidence of his customers, he accumulated a fine competency. In all of his dealings he was scrupulously and proverbially honest, and he was never known to "squeeze" a debtor, or to take advantage of any man's necessities. Every dollar he has is his absolutely, and he has not only a legal but a moral right to it. He acted as administrator and executor to a number of estates, and faithful and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, he managed the business, as he did his own, so equitably as to avoid any litigation. He has always been a temperance man in precept and example—never used spirituous or malt liquors, or tobacco in any form.

He connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal church in 1839, and has been a consistent and working member ever since. Has filled all the lay offices in it—trustee, Sunday school superintendent, class leader, steward, recording steward, district steward, &c., was four or five times a member of the lay electoral conference, and in 1880 a lay member of the general conference at Cincinnati. He

Continued from First Page,

was always very liberal in the support of the church and its enterprises and charities; and he has always been a staunch friend to, and his house a home for, its ministers.

When the common school system was suggested he was enthusiastically in favor of it, and did a great deal to help remove the then existing prejudice against free schools, and opposition to taxation to support them. He was one of the first directors when the system was established and has always worked for the educational interests of the community.

In politics he was a Whig, what was known as an Old Line Whig, until that party, like the famous McGinty of later years, "went down;" then and ever since he has been a Republican. While he has always taken a great interest in political matters he never was an office-seeker, but in the course of his long life has been called upon to fill a number of offices. He was township clerk seventeen years, school director thirty years, and held various other positions of trust and responsibility in the township. He was postmaster at Addison fifteen years, also served as justice of the peace and as revenue commissioner. He was elected to the state legislature in 1864, and upon the expiration of the term was re-elected.

He served on several very important committees, and the last year was chairman of the committee on education. He has also been conspicuous in local military matters. Was elected captain in 1845, of the Addison Infantry, a very fine volunteer company of militia, and by successive promotions, attained the position of brigade commander, which he held for a number of years.

He has a very large and complete library, the best in the southern part of the county, and has always been a subscriber to and reader of the papers, dailies and weeklies, also the periodical magazines, monthlies and quarterlies. He has a diary of local happenings, day by day, and every day since 1828—a number of large volumes of interesting and valuable memoranda.

His acquaintance in the county is very extensive, especially, of course, among the older citizens, and he spoke of quite a number by name, some known, many unknown to the reporter; but of all he spoke kindly. He is also well known in Fayette county, Pa., Garrett and Alleghany counties, Md., Preston county, W. Va., and in the cities of Pittsburg, Allegheny, Philadelphia and Baltimore. It was in Baltimore he bought his first stock of goods. At that time and for some years he was compelled to ride to and from the city on horse back and have his goods hauled by wagon.

His ancestry is a very peculiar and unusual combination—on the paternal side sturdy, hard-headed Scotch-Irish, and uncompromising Presbyterian Covenanters; on the maternal, French, and of the Catholic faith. At the consolidation of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, a great many of the clan of Ross immigrated from Balmagowan, in the highlands of Scotland, to the north of Ireland. Here was born, in 1709, Robert Ross, the progenitor of the American branch of the family. He came to this country, bringing his family, in 1745, and settled in Lancaster county, this state. His son Robert, born there 1753, entered the continental army at the breaking out of the revolutionary war, enlisting as a private in Captain James Taylor's company. In a few months he was promoted to corporal, and made regimental color-bearer. His company was a part of the 4th or 5th Fourth Battalion Pennsylvania line, commanded by Colonel (afterward

General) Wayne. On expiration of term service, he re-enlisted and served under Wayne until the close of the war. He was in all of the battles participated in by the command, and greatly distinguished himself at the storming of Stony Point by carrying the flag over the ramparts, entering the fort side by side with "Mad Anthony." After the war he moved to Fayette county where he was elected captain of a company which he commanded during the various Indian wars, 1790-94, in Ohio and Indiana. He was with Col. Crawford's expedition, and was severely wounded at Sandusky. One of his sons, also named Robert, born in 1786, was a soldier during the war of 1812, and was engaged in a great many sanguinary engagements, among them Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie. Was wounded in the latter. When peace was declared, and the volunteers were discharged he enlisted in the regular army and remained in it until his death, 1822, at Baton Rouge.

He was married in 1809 to Elizabeth Virginia Lemaire. She was born on the Atlantic ocean, and named Elizabeth after her mother, a Parisian, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Monche, and Virginia, after the ship. Her father was Nicolas Lemaire of the military government of Picardy. Being a prominent loyalist he was compelled at the beginning of the French revolution, which resulted in the dethronement and death of Louis XVI, to leave the country, and did so very hastily, succeeding after a number of adventures in getting on a ship and reaching America. He abandoned his property, for which, however, after the restoration of the Bourbons, he received compensation, and took with him in his flight what ready money he happened to have at the time, and at her urgent request and entreaty, his brave young wife. On the passage to this country their eldest child, a daughter, mentioned before, was born, and when about eighteen years old was married to Robert Ross, who was then about twenty-three. Of this marriage there was but one child, a son, the subject of this sketch. He was married in 1833 to Diana Mitchell, who died in 1839. In 1841 he was married to Cynthia A. Mitchell. She died in 1888. They were sisters, daughters of Squire John and Diana Mitchell, and granddaughters, through their mother, of the celebrated

scout, Indian fighter and revolutionary soldier, Captain Andrew Friend of "The Turkey Foot."

General Ross has eight children living at this time—Orville A. Ross, Addison; A. Marshall Ross, Confluence; Felicia H. Ross (now Mrs. Sullivan Johnson) Allegheny City; Robert E. Ross, Addison; Mansfield A. Ross, Coraopolis; George C. Ross, Pittsburg; Frank M. Ross, Coraopolis, and Mary C. Ross, Addison.

From, *Standard*
Somerset Pa.
 Date, *Dec. 8* 1893.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Faces Familiar to Somerset
 County People.



Josiah H. Pisel.

The subject of this sketch is very widely known in this county, but for the last thirty years his has been a familiar figure at Somerset.

Many who see the above true likeness will say, "Why, that's 'Tucker'." This is a nickname, but many of his most intimate friends know him by no other. When a mere lad he was full of life and song, and one of his favorite songs was "Old Dan Tucker." He sang it so con-

tinuously that his companions nicknamed him "Tucker," and it is Tucker to this day.

Josiah H. Pisel was born at Stoystown on the 3rd day of March 1832. His parents were Joseph and Anne Pisel. His educational opportunities were confined to the common schools of his native town and only lasted for a few years. When only fourteen years of age he found it necessary to earn a livelihood and his first venture was at Pittsburg, to which place he walked from his home. There he found employment in a nail tactory, but after working one summer he found his work so onerous that he was compelled to abandon it and return home.

At the age of eighteen years he was apprenticed to Henry A. Stewart, then a well-known tailor at Stoystown. He served an apprenticeship of three years and then went to Freeport, where he took additional instruction in the shop of his brother-in-law. Being thus fitted to conduct a business of his own he returned to Stoystown and there opened a tailor-shop. While working for Mr. Stewart he operated the first sewing machine brought into this county, and the machine he placed in his new shop was the second. He was a skillful workman and did a good business from the start. In the year 1855 he bought a confectionery store owned by Henry Balser and conducted it in connection with his tailoring business.

After President Lincoln's first election he was appointed postmaster at Stoystown, and for a time he performed the duties of that office as well as those of his store and shop; but increasing business compelled him to abandon his trade and give his entire attention to store and office. He was ever popular, but his careful and attentive management of the post-office made him moreso. Uncle Sam may not know it, but it was Tucker Pisel who introduced the special delivery system thirty years ago. It is said of him that he would follow a man, who had passed the office without stopping, to either end of the town, if necessary, to deliver to him a letter. It was not surprising, therefore, that when at the end of four years he expressed his determination to resign the postmastership, the people overwhelmed him with requests to retain it; but he adhered to his determination, resigned, sold his store and came to Somerset. This clear expression of the es-

teen in which he was held by his friends and neighbors, and his happy association with them for many years, caused him to view his departure from his native town with profound regret, and even now, after years of separation, he turns with fondness toward the people who encouraged his early efforts by their liberal patronage.

It was in the year 1865 that Mr. Pisel came to Somerset. Shortly after his arrival here he purchased the property and confectionery store owned by Edward Bevins. It stood on the northeast corner of the Diamond, on the lot now vacant at the rear of Mammoth Block. There he conducted a very successful business until the fire of 1872. Less than three weeks before that fire he added over one thousand dollars worth of goods to his stock and his prospects for even a more prosperous trade were bright; but that awful fire came and by it he lost everything but his lot. This he sold and with the proceeds bought what was then known as the Hinchman lot, on which the Commercial Hotel now stands.

Then he went to Philadelphia, where he worked at his trade—tailoring—and later bought a stock of cloths, trimmings and ready-made clothing. This stock he brought to Somerset and again engaged in business, in the rooms in the Mammoth Block now occupied by the meat market. There he again prospered and soon began the erection of the building that is now the Commercial Hotel. When it was completed he moved there and opened a boarding-house in connection with his other business. This soon became a favorite resort, and as many as one hundred persons found accommodations there during a court week. Tucker's house and his generous hospitality became well known throughout the county and prosperity again hung over him, but along came the destructive fire of 1876 and he was again set back. His house was not burned, but so close did it cut that his goods were dragged into the street and were either burned or stolen. Then came the panic and Tucker went down with many of the best business men in town.

He left his hotel and moved to the Judge Black property, now the Park Hotel, where he again opened a boarding-house. Later he erected a frame build-

ing on the Hugus lot, on which the First National Bank building now stands. There he opened a confectionery, and "Tucker's" small beer and gingerbread were again sold to the hundreds of thirsty and hungry individuals who frequented "Pisel's Place."

Three years ago Mr. Pisel sold the lot on which his store stood, and upon it was erected the bank building. In the new building rooms were made and fitted for Tucker's use and he is now conducting a nice business there. He has had a full share of up's and down's, but although financially disfigured several times he is still in the ring and "doing business at the old stand." His dealings have ever been scrupulously honest and upright, and his big heartedness has become proverbial.

Down in the fifties Tucker was a member of one of the many "Volunteer Companies" in the county. He was one of the tenor drummers of his company and was a very skillful performer. He thought there was more music in the bass drum than he had ever seen brought out and he determined to go after it. That he was successful is well known by hundreds of people throughout the county who have been entertained by his bass drum exhibitions. The amusement on each of the muster days long ago would have been looked upon as incomplete without one of Tucker's famous bass-drum solos. He is a two-stick beater, and it beats the deuce how he beats the drum. His latest exhibition was given at Washington City when the national encampment of the G. A. R. was held there over a year ago. It was something the like of which the old army drummers had never seen and they crowded about and looked on in amazement.

The subject of this sketch was married in 1855 to Miss Mary W. Penrod of Stoystown. To them were born six children, three of whom are living—John R., of Akron, Ohio; Emily O., at home, and Mrs. Geo. W. Neff, of Somerset. His wife died in October, 1869, and about a year later he married her sister—Mrs. A. E. McGriff. To them have been born two children, one of whom—J. Willis—is now living.

From, *Standard*
Somerset Pa.

Date, *Dec. 22nd 1893,*

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Faces Familiar to Somerset
County People.



Josiah Shafer.

There are many people of this county who will recognize the above portrait at a glance as the familiar face of Ex-Sheriff Shafer. There are but few people in the county more generally known.

The subject of this sketch was born in Allegheny township, this county, on the 4th day of September, 1819. His father—Peter Shafer—was an old wagoner. He was killed on the Bedford pike while hauling a heavy load of iron, which passed over his body, crushing out his life.

Josiah worked on his father's farm in Allegheny township until the year 1837, when he was apprenticed to Jacob Shafer, his cousin, to learn the blacksmith trade. After serving three years, which expired on Friday, he on the following Monday purchased the shop and at once gave employment to his former boss, who continued in said employment for a period of eleven years. The shop was loca-

ted at what was then known as the Hugh Sproat Inn. There the subject of this sketch carried on blacksmithing for twenty years, and he is probably now the only blacksmith in the county who made ox-shoes and drove them. While working at his trade he hauled his iron from the Juniatta furnace in Bedford county. He made his nails and shoes, and instead of driving them under a sheltering roof as the horse-shoers do now, he stood in the open air from morning till night to do this work.

By industry and economy he accumulated enough money to purchase his father's farm, upon which he moved and followed farming until the year 1863, when he was elected to the office of Sheriff of this county. While on his farm Mr. Shafer's hospitality became proverbial, and but one instance will suffice to show why. On his farm were a great number of cherry trees. One day during the cherry season a number of his neighbors gathered at his home and picked fifty bushels of the luscious fruit. Not only did Mr. Shafer allow the pickers to carry home the cherries they had picked without charge, but he and his good family prepared a bountiful mid day meal for them and threw it in as a make-weight of good will. Hospitality of this sort has run through his entire life. No man has ever been refused a meal at his home, nor has he ever charged a cent therefore. He has been a lifelong member of the United Brethren church, and his has ever been the home of the minister of that denomination who happened to be in reach thereof.

So faithfully did Sheriff Shafer perform the duties of the office to which he was elected in 1863, that in the year 1869 he was reelected for the second term. During his first term he had as many as forty prisoners under his charge at one time, and he paid as high as twenty dollars a barrel for flour with which to feed them, while he was allowed only from twenty-five to forty cents per day each for boarding.

Mr. Shafer is probably the oldest auctioneer in the county. He has followed that business for fifty years and has called as many as six sales in a week, riding from fifteen to twenty miles between sales.

It will probably be conceded that Sheriff Shafer could take more persons by the hand and call them by name than

any other man in the county. In his younger days there were but few men, if any, that were the equals in physical strength. It is said of him that often did he lift a 42-gallon barrel of whisky from the floor and lay it upon the railing of the porch at the old Sproat hotel, three feet higher.

About ten years ago Mr. Shafer was kicked by a vicious horse while calling a sale in Milford township, and he has not recovered from the effects of the injury then sustained. About two years later, under similar circumstances, he was again kicked by a horse and seriously injured.

Although in the seventh fifth year of his age and somewhat maimed by the injuries mentioned above, Mr. Shafer is able to be about and enjoys good health.

On January 14, 1841, the subject of this sketch was married to Miss Eve M. Barrick, a daughter of Wm Barrick, who for many years was a well-known figure about the court-house, and to whom almost the entire community looked for correct sun time. To Mr. and Mrs. Shafer were born six children—Wm. B., James, Matthew P., Anna E., Charles C. and John S. The daughter died when young. The sons live at Somerset, with the exception of Matthew, whose home is at Moxham.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Faces Familiar to Somerset
County People.



Hon. John Hanna.

Many of our readers, especially "the old folk," will recognize the picture above as being that of Judge Hanna of Addison; and all will be pleased, we know, to see it in our portrait gallery.

James Hanna, his father, was born in Ireland, November 1, 1790. He was the eldest son of Alexander and Martha Hanna. The family immigrated to this county in 1771, and settled in York county, Pennsylvania, when he was about six months old. He was married in 1794 to Ann Leech, who was of English descent, a daughter of Thomas and Phebe Leech, and about 1798 they moved to what was then known as "The Glades" in Milford township this county. They had ten children—John, Mary, Thomas, James, Alexander, William, Phebe, Jane, Martha and Anna. He was a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, and afterward a State Senator; was also Brigade Inspector of Militia for the district. He died September 16, 1819, his wife November 28, 1857. Their son, John, the subject of this sketch, was born in York county, April 26, 1795. He was married, December 23, 1819, to Sarah McNeill, daughter of James and Sarah McNeill of "the turkeyfoot region," who were of Irish descent. She was the only one of the family born in this country. They had six children—Mary (Mrs. Jehu Rush), Ann (Mrs. Wm. Frantz), James

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Date, *Dec. 29th 1893.*

(deceased), John, William, Sarah (Mrs. Harrison Younkin); also twenty grandchildren and forty-four great grandchildren.

After living a short time in Turkeyfoot township they moved to Addison township upon the fine farm so pleasantly situated along the bank of the Casselman river, owned now by their son, William. The substantial and commodious brick home was built for them, and under their personal supervision, sixty two, or sixty-three years ago. They lived in it until their deaths—a pleasant, neighborly, hospitable couple.

In 1825 the subject of this sketch was appointed and commissioned by Governor J. Andrew Shulze, Captain of the 2nd Company, 13th Regiment, 2d Brigade, 12th Division of the State of Pennsylvania, composed of citizens of Somerset, Bedford and Cambria counties. In 1829 he was elected and commissioned Captain of the "Canal Guards," a volunteer company of infantry attached to the Youghiogheny Legion in the same brigade. In 1825 he was appointed by the Governor a Justice of the Peace in what was then designated District No. 5, composed of the townships of Turkeyfoot and Addison, and by election and re elections held the office for twenty or twenty-five consecutive years. He was elected again in 1855. His decisions were always sound, and discouraging, as he always did, any litigation among neighbors, he was an ideal Justice of the Peace—a veritable peacemaker. During his term of office he performed the marriage ceremony for nearly three hundred couples. The eighty-fifth, by the way, was the marriage, in 1833, of his lifelong friend, General Moses A. Ross, recently deceased.

He was always a staunch friend of education and worked hard to induce the acceptance of the common schools by the township. According to the census of 1830 there were then about three thousand five hundred persons in this county, somewhat more than one-sixth of its entire population, who could neither read nor write. The State, in 1834, made provision for free schools to be maintained by taxation. This was bitterly opposed in many of the townships of the county, and in some of them the adoption of the system was for a time prevented. But, and it should not be forgotten, Addison, through the influence of John Hanna and

other intelligent, public-spirited citizens, promptly accepted the law, being among the first in the county to do so. Mr. Hanna served as a director for sixteen years—was a member of the first board. It was composed of Joshua Johnson, John P. H. Walker, Jacob Augustine, William Campbell, Moses A. Ross and John Hanna. With men like these to introduce and direct it is no wonder the schools of the township soon became so good, and that the common school system has always been so popular there.

It will doubtless surprise some of our readers to learn that the first school in the county was taught for the New Jersey settlers in the Turkeyfoot region in 1776. The first school in what is now Addison township was taught in 1792 in a private house near where the village of Petersburg was laid out in 1818; and the first school-house in Addison was built in 1800 (the year the township was organized) on what was afterward and is yet known as the Hanna home farm. These were, of course, all "subscription schools."

In 1836 Mr. Hanna was elected County Commissioner, and served the term of three years. He was elected to the State legislature as a representative in 1840 and was a member for two terms. By Act of Assembly January 26, 1844, he and John R. Lohr of Fayette county were appointed "commissioners for the purpose of ascertaining the true line between the counties of Somerset and Fayette, lying between the Youghiogheny river and the Westmoreland county line," and the survey they had made then placed the line where it is now.

He was appointed, in 1852, by the Court of Somerset county, a Trustee of the old national road or turnpike, known then as the Cumberland road, "in pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly entitled 'an act for the more effectual preservation of the Cumberland road' passed at the session of 1848;" and at the expiration of his first term, was re-appointed for another, having evidently "performed the duties prescribed by said act in a proper manner, and with impartiality."

He was nominated, and elected in 1861, one of the two Associate Judges of Somerset county and served for five years.

These and other positions of trust and responsibility he filled with honor to himself and the approval of his constituency. His integrity was never questioned. He

was a man of ability, of good judgment, of kindly feelings and undoubted honesty; a pleasant, intelligent, courteous gentleman at all times and under any circumstances. A strong man, morally, mentally and physically his was "a healthy mind in a healthy body." He was well and favorably known throughout the county and in all of the adjoining counties, not only of Pennsylvania, but of Maryland and West Virginia.

He had the respect, esteem and love of the entire community in which he lived so long, and where his influence for good still lives. By precept and example he taught what it is to be a good citizen, and his children and his children's children do his teaching no discredit.

He died September 17, 1882, after a brief illness, in the full possession of all his faculties and with expressions of confidence in a bright future. After a long and useful life "he sleeps his last sleep" in the old burial grounds at the historic Jersey Church, side by side with his wife, who had preceeded him by about six years to the better land. And the grass nestles not over the grave of any who has left behind a more spotless memory.

From, *Standard*

Somerset Pm.

Date, *Jan. 12th 1894.*

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Faces Familiar to Somerset
County People.



William Reel.

The face of Esquire William Reel is indeed a familiar one to many people of this county, especially in the northern part of the county where his life was spent. The many official positions to which he was called by the people of his native township and of the county are conclusive evidence of the high esteem in which he was held, and of his ability and faithfulness as a public officer.

William Reel was born in Shade township in August, 1810. He died on the 17th day of December, 1893. He owned and lived on the farm on which he died for thirty-eight years.

In 1841 he was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace and was commissioned for five years. In 1845, by some mistake, he was again elected and commissioned, but it was then discovered that he had yet one year to serve on his former commission. The new commission was surrendered and it was returned to the Governor by J. O. Kimmel Esq., who was then Recorder. In 1846 Mr. Reel was re-elected and again commissioned for five years. In 1849 he was elected County Auditor, and his duties as such were well and carefully performed. In 1856 he was elected to the office of County Commissioner and served through the term of three years with much credit. In 1860 he was again called to the office of Justice of the Peace by the people of Shade township and again he served a term of five years, making fifteen years that he served in that office. In 1862 he was commissioned an enrolling officer for the drafts made in the years 1862 and 1863. In 1875 he again went before the people as a candidate for Commissioner and was elected. When a young man Mr. Reel served one year as Constable in Stony creek township, and later he served as School Director in his native township for several years.

To recapitulate, his record in public office is, Justice of the Peace, fifteen years; Commissioner, six years; Auditor, three years; Enrolling officer, two years; Constable, one year and School Director about three years; in all, at least thirty years of public service.

About fifty years ago Mr. Reel was married to Miss Sarah Gribble of Somerset, who died about four years ago. To them were born six children, five of whom are now living. They are, Savilla (Mrs. Joseph C. Lambert) of Shade; Abia (Mrs. J. G. Kimmel) of Stony creek; Jane (Mrs. Wm. Small) of Moxham; Margaret and M. D., who have lived at the homestead.

From, *Standard*
Somerset Pa.

Date, *Feb. 9th 1894.*

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Faces Familiar to Somerset
 County People.



Amos W. Knepper.

The above portrait will be readily recognized by a great many people of this county as that of a gentleman who was for over thirty years one of Somerset's prominent business men.

Mr. Amos W. Knepper was born at Berlin on the 14th day of April, 1841. His parents were Simon and Nancy Knepper. His education was received in the schools at Berlin and in Somerset township. While a mere lad he learned the carpenter trade with his father, and at the age of eighteen years came to Somerset, where he took up the shoemaking trade with the late N. B. Snyder. There he worked for three years, when he heard his country's call, and in the fall of 1862 enlisted in Company E, 133d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was appointed corporal and creditably filled that position

throughout his service in the army. He was in the battles of 2d Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and has vivid recollections of taking part in General Burnside's famous "stick in the mud" march. He was fortunate in that he passed through his service without being struck by an enemy's ball.

When Mr. Knepper returned from the army he opened a shoemaker-shop at Somerset, in which he gave employment to a number of hands. At that time machinery had not cut in on the business and shoemaking was at its height. His business was prosperous until reduced by machine-made footwear, when he opened a store for the sale of boots and shoes. This he conducted very successfully until one year ago, when he sold it to Mr. Frank Shvler. He has since been looking after his interests acquired while in business.

Mr. Knepper is among the most enthusiastic secret society men of the county. He is a member of R. P. Cummins Post, G. A. R., Knights of the Golden Eagle, Jr. Order United American Mechanics, Maccabees, Grangers and Farmers Alliance. He takes a deep interest in the work of these societies, and has held in them important official positions. For about three years he was District Grand Chief of the K. G. E. for Somerset county, and served as aid under Chief Marshal Herbert McDowell at the meeting of the Supreme Castle at Pittsburg two years ago. He also filled the office of Chariman of the Grand Castle's committee on printing. He is now a member of the Jr. O. U. A. M. Advisory Council of this county.

The subject of this sketch was married on the 16th day of January, 1868, to Miss Sabinie E. Smith of New Centreville. They have one son living, George W., a bright young man now a student at Butler University, Irvington, Ind.

Mr. Knepper has ever been one of Somerset's enterprising and public-spirited citizens. He was one of the projectors of the excellent electric light plant of which Somerset is now so proud. He has a great many friends throughout the county who have expressed to him their desire to see his name in the republican column of a

Baker ballot as a candidate for the State Legislature, and he has decided to go into the field for the nomination.

From, *Standard*
Somerset Pa.
Date, *Feb. 16* 1894.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Faces Familiar to Somerset
County People.



Hon. Isaac Hugus.

For many years there was probably no more familiar figure about Somerset than that of Hon. Isaac Hugus. He was born at Somerset on the 3d day of February, 1814; he was a grandson of Peter Ankeny, who was one of the early settlers, as they were called in olden time. In his boyhood days he was sorely afflicted with the white swelling and suffered for many years with this painful disease, which culminated in the loss of the use of one of his legs and necessitated his using a crutch during his life. When he attained his majority he emigrated to the State of Ohio, but soon returned to his home. Afterward he took a trip to Texas, in-

tending to remain and grow up with the country, but the climate (having been born and reared in the mountains of Pennsylvania) did not agree with him and he again returned home and devoted himself to the study of the law; was called to the bar in the year 1839.

Some time during the year 1843 he was appointed Deputy District Attorney of Somerset county by Governor Porter and remained in office until 1848.

At the fall election of 1848, when the senatorial district consisted of Somerset and Westmoreland counties, he was elected to the State Senate of Pennsylvania and made a record as an efficient Senator, and was considered as an honorable man whose position on all subjects before them never was in doubt.

In 1862 the authorities at Washington appointed him Commissioner of Draft, and during that year he drafted a large number of men for the United States service and marched them to Harrisburg in the month of October, 1862.

Mr. Hugus was esteemed as an able lawyer. Those who knew him well say that his was a remarkable mind in some respects. When he was employed in a cause, after he had examined the facts, the law and authorities, and fixed them on his mind, it did not matter when the cause came on for trial he was ready without any further preparation.

From, *Standard*

Somerset Pa.

Date, *Mar. 9 1894.*

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Faces Familiar to Somerset
County People.



John A. Walter.

The subject of this sketch was born in Milford township on the 31st day of August, 1825. He was reared on his father's farm there and attended the schools of that district during his boyhood days. At the age of twenty-one years he left home and went to what was then called Snydersville, in Somerset township, where he held a clerkship in the store of Captain John H. Benford. Leaving there he went to Friedens, where he filled a like position in the store of Eli Heiple. He found after a short term of service there that the close confinement was working an injury to his health and he therefore abandoned it. Later he was elected constable for Somerset township, and so faithfully did he perform the duties of his office that he was re-elected for nine successive years.

At the close of this term of public service he found employment with Charles Stoner of Berlin, for whom he sold the famous Hathaway stoves and horse hay rakes for four years. Following this he sold rakes for Mellinger & Co. of Mt. Pleasant for a year.

In the year 1865 he was elected Sheriff of this county, and very satisfactorily filled the office during his term. He seems to have taken a grip on the office then that he has never lost, for he has served as deputy under every Sheriff since. As an auctioneer he probably has no equal in the county in point of service. He "called" the Sheriff sales for twenty-four years and has called public sales for thirty-five years. He believes that he has sold more property, personal and real, than any other auctioneer now living in the county.

When the late Hon. C. C. Musselman was a member of the legislature he secured the appointment of Mr. Walter as messenger in the House.

Mr. Walter was twice a candidate for legislative honors, and both times, as he expresses it, "ran to the very door, but failed to get in." He was beaten by less than seventy-five votes each time.

The subject of this sketch was appointed special policeman during the construction of the Pittsburg and Connellsville railroad, and his bailiwick was along the line of the road between Rockwood and Egypt. He held this position until the road was completed, saw the golden spike driven near Casselman, and was then given a position as flagman on a train running between Connellsville and Cumberland. He held that position for two years, and after the completion of the Somerset and Mineral Point railroad he filled a like position on it for one year.

Mr. Walter was married on January 22, 1852, to Elizabeth Lichty, a daughter of John Lichty. To them were born ten children, eight of whom are living, as follows: Mrs. R. J. Vought of Somerset, Albert of Pittsburg, Foster of Rockwood, Charles of Hazelwood, and Misses Ella, Darl, Emma and Bertha at home.

Mr. Walter is now the proprietor of the West End Hotel, one of Somerset's popular summer resorts.

From, *Press*

Phila Pa

Date, *July 1 / 95*

A GALA WEEK FOR SOMERSET.

Both That County and Ly-
coming to Have Big Cen-
tenary Fetes.

THREE DAYS OF REJOICING.

Business Suspended to Give All Citi-
zens a Chance to See the Big
Parade and Other County
Seat Festivities.

Special Despatch to "The Press."

Somerset, June 30.—Somerset County is a century old and it will celebrate its centennial on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Preparations for the celebration have been under way for several months and everything is being done on an elaborate scale. The town of Somerset will present this week the most brilliant spectacle in its history, the citizens all vying with one another as to who can make the most gorgeous display. Business has practically been suspended for a week past, the entire population of the town having turned attention to decorating homes and business houses. Beautiful arches span all of the principal streets, and an electric fountain erected at great expense adorns the public square. Magnificent displays of fireworks will be given on the evenings of July 3 and 4. Field sports, base ball games, horse and bicycle races have been arranged for each day of the celebration. Excursion trains will be run from all directions, and since the railroad companies have agreed to furnish free transportation for all of the eighteen brass bands in the county, there will be no dearth of music. Favorite sons who have attained eminence in other counties and States will make speeches. In fact, the eagle will scream

before "among the hills of Somerset," and patriotism will rule the week.

On the morning of the Fourth a great parade, in which all of the secret societies, fire companies and military organizations in this and adjoining counties will unite, will take place. A novel feature of the parade will be an industrial exhibition in which the crude agricultural implements used by the pioneers of this region will be contrasted with the latest improved labor-saving farm machinery. Somerset has always been an essentially agricultural county and this display will be participated in by delegations from all of the forty districts in the county.

THE COUNTY'S BIRTH.

Somerset County was taken from Bedford by act of Assembly April 17, 1795. In point of area it ranks sixth in the State. It contains 1102 square miles, or 755,280 acres of land. It is bounded on the north by Cambria County, on the east by Bedford County, on the south by the State of Maryland, and on the west by Fayette and Westmoreland Counties. The County is composed of high and rather level table-land between the Allegheny mountain and Laurel Hill. It abounds in what are called glades—level wet lands about the headwaters of the numerous streams that rise in this county. For the first half century of the county's existence it was generally believed that nothing but oats, rye and potatoes could be grown in this elevated and rigorous climate, but since the early '60s the farmers of Somerset have learned to grow as much wheat and corn to the acre as are produced anywhere in Pennsylvania.

The entire county is underlaid with rich coal deposits, but lack of railroad facilities has impeded development, until within the past few years, when a number of mines have been opened and the coal placed upon the seaboard market, where it has met with gratifying success. Recent heavy purchases of Somerset County coal lands would indicate, however, that more marked development will take place during the next decade.

The first opening through the wilderness of what is now Somerset County was made by no less a personage than Lieutenant Colonel George Washington, in 1754. This road crossed the southwestern corner of the county, about two miles north of where the present National Road crosses. The following year General Braddock—accompanied by Washington—marched his unfortunate army over this road. In 1753 the wilderness in the north of the county was penetrated in a similar manner by Colonel Boquet and several companies. They constructed a fort at Stoneycreek, ten miles north of Somerset, and threw up breastworks. During the memorable invasion by Pontiac, in 1763, the little garrison at Stoyestown was called upon to strengthen that at Bedford. It is probable that not long after both these roads were opened traders and pioneers found their way into this county and made settlements; but their names and ventures, if any, have not been recorded.

EARLY PATRIOTISM SHOWN.

Ten days after the news of the battle of Bunker Hill reached Pennsylvania, her first military battalion was ready to take the field. Colonel William Thompson, of Carlisle, was placed in command, and of the eight companies composing the battalion one was recruited in the territory now embraced in Somerset County, under Captain Richard Brown.

Somerset County companies, one commanded by Captain Frederick Hoff, and the other by Captain Jonathan Rhoads, were organized and marched to the Canadian frontier, where they performed efficient service in behalf of their country in the War of 1812. Twenty companies were recruited from this county for the War of the Rebellion.

The citizens of the county are chiefly of German descent, and Pennsylvania Dutch is the prevailing language in the rural communities. In religion the county is divided among the Lutherans, Reformed, Evangelical and Dunkard denominations in the order named. The Disciples, Methodists and Amish are well represented, while the Catholics have only two small congregations in the county.

Somerset County has furnished the State and nation with a number of distinguished men, foremost of whom was the late Judge Jeremiah S. Black, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, Attorney General and Secretary of State under President Buchanan. The principal towns of the county are Somerset, Meyersdale, Rockwood, Berlin and Confluence. The population of the county in 1890 was 37,217.

From, *Herald*
Somerset Pa
 Date, *July 3 1911*

The First Settlers.

Prior to 1795 the territory now embraced in the County of Somerset comprised the township of Brothersvalley, in the County of Bedford. The first assessment made in Brothersvalley township was in 1772, and the list of names therein contained comprises, with perhaps a few exceptions, all of the settlers located in this region at that time. The assessment is reeorded in Bedford and the following is a correct copy:—

Abrahams Henry, Ambrose Frederick, Adams Samuel, Adams Solomon, Brown Richard, Bridges John, Baxter John, Boude Ludwick, Benach Christopher, Biggs Benjamin, Craeart William, Claypole James, Kefer Frederick, Campbell James, Cable Abraham Esq., Catta John, Kefer Michael, Husband Herman, Drake Oliver, Dougherty James, Dweir William, Dillinger John, Enlows Henry, Enlows John, Estep Robert, Flick Adam, Fisher Jacob, Furguson John, Friend Andrew, Friend Augustine, Frowman Paul,

Flick Michael, Friend Charles, Friggs John, Fry John, Glessner John, Greenwalt Joseph, Greathouse William, Greene Thomas, Hite Walter, Huff Michael, Hogland Richard, Hindrix Andrew, Jennings Benjamin, Jhouson William, Kessinger Solomon, Kemble Philip, Kimball Geo., Laut Valentine, Laut Daniel, Markley John, McMillen James, McClee William, Miller John, Ogle Joseph, Polen Adam, Polen Francis, Pursley John, Pursley Benjamin, Pursley Davies, Peters John, Rhoads Henry Sr., Rhoads Jacob, Rhoads Gabriel, Rhoads Henry, Rhoads John, Reed John, Rice John, Rose Cutlip, Robinson Hugh, Sheaf Frederick, Swiser John, Sappington John, Small Adam, Shells Bastion, Spencer James, Skinner Nathaniel, Sinclair William, Smith Henry, Shute Solomon, Tyshe William, Vann Abraham, Urey Thomas, Wagaly Philip, Weiner Frederick, Weiner John, Wells Richard, Wells George, White Aquilla, Wensel John, Wingard Peter, Waller Thomas, Wallis Samuel.

Then followed the names of those whom we presume were singlemen:

Mathias Ditch, Thomas Stinton, John Penrod, Felix Morgan, Frederick Acre, James Winter, James Pursley, Nicholas Friend, Richard Palchut, Ephraim Tapey, Martin Kefer, James Moore, Frederick Vandrex, Edward Grimes, Samuel Worrel, James Wells, Peter Booker, Ludwick Greenwalt.

Gabriel Abraham, James Black, Henry Bruner, George Bruner, John Bowman, Casper Stoy, Joseph Jennings, Francis Hay, James Hogland, John Hendrix, Edward Henderson, William Harkin, Edward Higgins, Mathias Judy, John Sinclair, George Shidler, Henry Shidler, Jacob Wingert, Attewell Worrell, Richard Wells, Thomas Ogle, Daniel Pursley, John Hinkbaugh.

The 134 taxables above mentioned were undoubtedly the first settlers in Somerset county. Some of them had been here less than a year, and but few for more than five years. Among them were many who had served in the wars against the French and Indians. All were then subjects of King George III, and but three or four years later they were active participants in the

war for freedom and national independence.

Other familiar Somerset County names are found among the taxables of Bedford township in the same year, as follows: John Hite, John Bowser, George Keller, George Lichtenberger, Samuel McKensie, Frederick Nawgle, Jacob Saylor, William Trent, John Casebeer, Adam Croyle, Hugh Simpson, John Dibert, George Kauffman, David Bell, Alexander Cook.

All of the above were owners of from 100 to 400 acres of land each. Some had as many as 20 acres under cultivation and owned as many as three horses and five cows.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

—BY—

W. H. KOONTZ, Esq.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF SOMERSET COUNTY:—The Centennial Anniversary of the organization of Somerset county occurred on the 17th day of April last. The citizens of this county, animated by a patriotic sentiment, resolved to celebrate the day with appropriate ceremonies. To best suit the convenience of the people of the county it was deemed advisable to postpone the observance of this interesting event until this day, when they could celebrate not only the day when Somerset county was organized, but the day on which the Continental Congress proclaimed to the world their immortal Declaration of Independence, by which they absolved themselves from all allegiance to the British Government and declared that from thenceforth the colonies were, and "of right ought to be free and independent states."

The period at which a community is organized into a separate political body can not properly be regarded as the time from which its growth and development begin. The transactions of human life are often so closely connected that one event is the natural sequence of other events more or less remote, but so inseparably linked together and tending, ultimately, to produce a certain condition of affairs, that they proceed in regular and harmonious order and with the unerring and irresistible march of destiny.

We look to the past to read the meaning of the present, and we only read the full significance of the period in which we live by tracing to their origin the events that preceded and finally produced it. It required eight centuries of struggle before the English government assumed definite form, and as many more before it loomed up into its proud and majestic proportions. Marvellously rapid as was the growth of our own country, it was nearly three centuries from the landing of Columbus until the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

There are events in the lives of all nations that stand out with marked conspicuity on the page of history. Some decisive battle that changed the fate of kingdoms and empires, such as Marathon and Tours, where the advancing hordes of barbarism were hurled back from Europe, and the relics of ancient and the forms of modern civilization preserved, and upon the fate of which hinged the whole future progress of human civilization; or such as Yorktown, where the liberties of a nation were finally won; or on the heights of Gettysburg, where the forces of the Confederacy were so shattered that the unity and integrity of the Great American Republic were finally preserved; the establishment of great empires, dominated and controlled by the genius of one man, such as were created by the brilliant achievements of Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar and Napoleon Bonaparte; some great act in the interest of humanity, such as the Reformation by Martin Luther, or the Emancipation Proclamation by Abraham Lincoln, by which four millions of enslaved human beings were set free. These, and many others that might be mentioned, are the splendid monuments on the pathway of time that can never be obliterated. They note the struggles and triumphs of the human race and they tower above the ordinary occurrences of human life, as the lofty peaks of the Alps or Rocky mountains rise, in their majesty and grandeur, above the surrounding regions.

Prominent among the great events in the world's history was the discov-

ery of America by Christopher Columbus. It is true that Leif, the son of Eric the Red, had reached our shores over five hundred years prior to the landing of Columbus.

Draper says that "the wandering Scandinavians had reached the shores of America first in the vicinity of Nantucket, and had given the name of Vineland to the region extending from beyond Boston to the south of New York. But the memory of these voyages seems to have totally passed away, or the lands were confounded with Greenland, to which Nicholas V. had appointed a bishop, A. D. 1448. Had the traditions been known to or respected by Columbus, he would undoubtedly have steered his ship more to the north."

The age in which Columbus lived was noted for its intellectual activity. The discovery of the art of printing in the year 1440 had given a new impetus to the people of Europe, who were fast awakening from the gloom and darkness of the Middle Ages.

The discovery of the new world created an enthusiasm in Europe such as has not been known since the days of the Crusaders. It agitated Europe to its deepest foundations. It permeated all society from the peasant to the throne. It opened up to the potentates of Europe immense opportunities for discovery, conquest and the dominion of vast regions of country beyond the sea; to the nobles and other magnates of the old world visions of "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice," and to those among the masses of the people who could get away from their old environment it gave the hope of new homes with better conditions of life than those that surrounded them.

There were various motives that governed the people that flocked to this country. Some came to better their condition; some for the mere acquisition of wealth, and some for fame and to acquire power and dominion over their fellow men.

Among them, however, came one who was animated by a lofty purpose; who came with his soul filled with the high ideal of founding a great commonwealth upon the basis of freedom of

conscience and of equal rights to all. This person was William Penn, a name that should make the heart of every Pennsylvanian, of every American, yea of every lover of his race, thrill with joy. He was a son of Admiral Penn of the English Navy, who was a warm personal friend of Charles the Second, then King of England, and in 1681 he obtained from the crown a patent for a large territory in the new world in payment of a debt of sixteen thousand pounds owing by the government of Great Britain to his father. This charter vested in him and his heirs the perpetual proprietorship of an extensive region of land in North America, and in addition to the consideration of sixteen thousand pounds there was the fealty of the annual payment of two beaver skins to be duly delivered at Windsor Castle.

His first intention was to call his newly acquired territory New Wales, and then suggested as a name, Sylvania, as being appropriate to a land "covered with forests," but the King out of his respect for, and in honor of Admiral Penn, the father, ordered and directed that the name Pennsylvania be given to the new province.

In 1682 he landed in this country and in the latter part of that year he made his famous treaty with the Indians at Shackamaxon, now Kensington, the only treaty, as Voltaire says, that was "never sworn to and never broken," and thus were laid the foundations of this great commonwealth. As Pennsylvanians we are justly proud of the illustrious man whose name is forever linked with that of our great state, and we feel that the great English historian Macaulay truly said of him, that "Rival nations and hostile sects have agreed in canonizing him. England is proud of his name. A great commonwealth beyond the Atlantic regards him with a reverence similar to that which the Athenians felt for Theseus and the Romans for Quirinus. He will always be mentioned with honor as a founder of a colony who did not in his dealings with a savage people abuse the strength derived from civilization, and as a lawgiver, in an age of persecution, made religious liberty the cor-

ner stone of a polity."

He governed the province from 1682 until 1712, when he transferred to the crown all his rights as proprietor, and Pennsylvania came under the dominion of the King of England. The limits of the newly acquired province were not distinctly ascertained, but by subsequent treaty the boundaries were fixed to cover the territory now included in the State of Pennsylvania. It is not made clear how much of his province William Penn ever saw, but it is extremely likely that his examination was limited to the eastern part and but a small portion of the province. He may possibly have reached Lancaster.

The township, or town, as it is called in some of the States, is the unit of our political system, and for this division we are indebted to our ancestors in the forests of Germany, as we are indebted to them for the principles of parliamentary government. The word "town" is derived from the Saxon word *tun*, which signified the hedge, or ditch, which divided one tribe from another, each claiming to have jurisdiction over its own affairs, and there the doctrine of home government, or home rule, was first established.

Several towns, or townships, constituted a county, which is one of the civil divisions of a state for civil and political purposes.

The first three counties of Pennsylvania were Chester, Berks and Philadelphia, all of which are in the extreme eastern part of the state. The tide of immigration had set in rapidly and the eastern as well as the extreme western portion of the province was being settled. The county of Lancaster was created in 1729, forty-seven years after the landing of Penn. Then followed York in 1749, Cumberland in 1750, Berks and Northampton in 1752, Bedford in 1771, Northumberland in 1772, Westmoreland in 1773, Washington in 1781, Fayette in 1783, Franklin and Montgomery in 1784, Dauphin in 1785, Luzerne in 1786, Huntingdon and Delaware in 1787, Mifflin in 1789, and Somerset in 1795.

We have now reached an event which resulted directly from the discovery of America by Columbus and

The foundation of the Province of Pennsylvania by William Penn, for without Columbus and Penn, in the language of a distinguished American statesman, "where would we be at?"

The subject on which, through the courtesy of the Committee of Arrangements, I am to speak to you to-day properly suggests for consideration the following matters:

1st.—What was the natural condition of the territory now included in the limits of Somerset county prior to its settlement?

2nd.—When, where and by whom were the first settlements made?

3d.—The formation of the county and its subsequent development.

THE NATURAL CONDITION OF THE TERRITORY PRIOR TO ITS SETTLEMENT.

Somerset county has two natural boundaries, one on the east and the other on the west, the ridge of the Allegheny mountain forming the eastern and the Laurel Hill the western boundary. I have not been able to learn why a mountain of the magnitude of the Laurel should by name be reduced to the proportions of a hill, especially when we remember that its ascent is four miles on one side and three on the other. This is illustrated by a couplet that used to be sung by the wagoners in the days before railroads were made in this section, when travelling westward:

"Three miles up and four miles down,
Seven miles to Laughlinstown."

Laughlinstown is in the Ligonier Valley at the western base of the mountain.

If William Penn had ever reached the summit of the Alleghenies, he would have fully appreciated the appropriateness of a part of the name of his province, *Sylvania*, for it was truly "a land covered with forests," and he would also have verified the statement made in a letter to a friend, in which he says: "This day my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania, a name the king would give it in honor of my father. I chose New Wales, being as this is a pretty hilly country, but Penn being Welsh for a head, as

Pennmaumoire in Wales and Penrith in Cumberland and Penn in Buckinghamshire, the highest land in England, called this Pennsylvania, which is the high or head wood lands," etc.

Here he would have found at an elevation of 2800 feet above the level of the sea, "the high or head woodlands" of the province with which his name was to be forever associated, and which was destined to make his memory more enduring than monuments of brass or marble.

This county is frequently called the "Glades," and sometimes pleasantly styled the "State of the Glades," but the term only applies to a portion of it. The word "Glade" is defined to be "a clear, green spot in the wood, or an avenue through it," or as Thompson says, "The unsheltered glade." The term was applied to the untimbered lands or natural meadows which line the headwaters of nearly all the streams of Somerset, Stonycreek, Brothersvalley, Summit, Milford, Jenner and Conemaugh townships, while the streams of Shade, Paint and Ogle townships rise in the pine barrens of the Alleghenies and flow through deep gorges covered with hemlock timber. One acquainted with the appearance of the "Glades" can readily distinguish them from land that has been reclaimed from timber, although the original grass, which resembled blue grass, has disappeared and a mixture of coarse grass and sedge, commonly called sour grass, has since taken its place. Some of the "Glades," especially the marshy parts, have since grown up in dense thickets of alder and willow brush.

A very clear description of the "Glades" is found in the journal of Herman Husband, one of the first settlers of the county, and of whom further mention will be made. In describing the general appearance of the country at that time he says: "Innumerable Glades extend from the top of the mountain range on the east to the top of a parallel range on the west, through a valley ranging in extent from twelve to twenty miles. The land is divided into hills, bottoms and glades. The hills are mostly covered with fine and lofty timber with but little underbrush. The bottoms are open and often sodded

with a short grass that never attains a height of more than a few inches. The streams after leaving the glades on which they generally take their rise break through rugged ridges and dark pine forests often so thick as to exclude the rays of the sun."

Of the natural productions of the country he says: "The wild fruits begin to ripen in July. Service berries, choke cherries, wild cherries, wild plums and black haws abound in the bottom. On the ridges huckleberries, raspberries and blackberries grow in an unlimited extent and ripen in great perfection. As the season advanced the nuts appeared, the hazel nuts in clusters on the edges of the glades, the chestnuts and hickory nuts on the uplands, together with the different species of oak, covered the ground with promiscuous heaps. The northern slopes are covered by the wild pea vine, which afforded excellent pasture. The pea was a small tuber almost as large as the common pea and grew underground. After the country was settled acres upon acres of ground were rooted up by hogs in search of wild peas, and in consequence it disappeared from the country."

The territory included in the present limits of this county was evidently not the home of the Indian, who took shelter under the mountains and along the streams, but it undoubtedly afforded him a fine hunting ground, as there was an abundance of game. The elevation of the country and the severity of the climate made it too cold for a home, as the winters in so densely a wooded country as this was at that time must have "lingered long in the lap of spring" and been very severe, and it was evidently at first not very attractive to the white settlers, as the counties of Westmoreland, Washington, Fayette and Allegheny, all west of us, were settled and organized before Somerset county.

We can very well imagine what a beautiful country it was in its primitive state. Standing on the summit of either one of the mountain ranges that bound us east and west, there must have been presented to the eye a scene of unsurpassed beauty. At a distance

of twenty miles the other mountain range stands out in bold outline, stretching along for many miles, and it may well have been said, in the language of the poet:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view

And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

But nothing was required to lend enchantment to the whole stretch of intervening country of hill and valley, of forest and glade. What a delightful prospect it must have afforded in the "leafy month of June," when the forests were covered with their foliage of every variety of green, and when later they were tinted with their varied colors and Autumn spread its transcendent beauty from mountain range to mountain range over the whole; when the morning sun first touched with its rays the summit of the Alleghenies, and its setting flooded the heights of the Laurel Hill with a sea of gold and bathed the whole intervening country with its soft and mellow light.

And yet the seasons had come and gone for countless ages over this lovely scene, with no one to appreciate its beauty and grandeur, and the waters of the streams, then nameless, had flowed on silently to the ocean and heard no sound save their own dashings, the howl of the wild beast and of the wild man.

But the time was rapidly approaching when it was to be invaded by the white man. The tide of immigration had set in rapidly and began to occupy the counties in the eastern part of the state. Immigrants came from England, Ireland and Scotland, and in large numbers from the Palatinate, Bavaria and Baden and other parts of the "Fatherland," and in the course of time their descendants began to seek new homes; and we now approach the period when the pioneer first made his appearance in this section of country.

From the best information attainable, George Washington, the first President of the United States, was the first white man to set foot on the soil of what is now Somerset county. On the 14th of November 1753, Gov. Dinwiddie, of Virginia, sent George Washington as a special messenger to the French commandant in Western Pennsylvania to ascertain about the

troubles then existing between the French and Ohio company, and the route traversed by him is supposed to have been nearly the same as that of the Pittsburg & Connellsville railroad.

Washington passed through the county again two years later under the English General Braddock, who was marching toward Fort Duquesne, but who fell into the ambush laid by the Indians at the site of the present city of Braddock, on the 9th of July 1755, and when Braddock met a crushing defeat. The road cut by Braddock's troops was the first ever made in the county and was not a great distance from the National Pike in Addison township, but it only traversed a small portion of the county.

In 1758, three years after Braddock's defeat—which was the worst defeat the English government had sustained in America up to that date—under the lead of William Pitt, three expeditions were determined upon to resist the power of the French on American soil, one of which was placed under the command of General John Forbes. Dr. Eagle in his history of Pennsylvania says: "His army consisted of nearly nine thousand men, embracing British regulars and provincials from Pennsylvania and the Lower Counties, Virginia, Maryland and North Carolina. The troops from the latter governments rendezvoused at Winchester, while the Pennsylvanians under Col. Bouquet assembled at Raystown. The Commander-in-Chief, with the regulars, marched from Philadelphia to effect a junction with the force at Raystown, but in consequence of severe indisposition General Forbes did not get farther than Carlisle, where he was compelled to stop. He marched to Bedford about the middle of September, 1758, where he met the provincial troops under Colonel Washington. At the suggestion of Bouquet and the Pennsylvania officers a new road was cut direct from Raystown to Loyalhanna, a distance of forty-five miles, where Col. Bouquet erected a fort."

A considerable portion of this road, perhaps nearly one-half of it, traversed the northern part of Somerset county. The Braddock road, made in 1755, and the Forbes road, made in 1758, are the first two roads made through Somerset

county, and they were destined for a time to become the highways for the immigrants to this section of the province and further west.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS.

It is a difficult matter to determine exactly when, where and by whom the first settlements were made. The Allegheny mountain was the western boundary of the territory acquired from the Indians by treaties of 1754 and 1758, but the country west of the mountain was rapidly being encroached upon by French and English traders, the French moving from the Allegheny river and up the Monongahela and Youghiogheny rivers, while the English came in by way of the Juniata river and the pack horse trail leading westward through the present towns of Carlisle, Shippensburg, Chambersburg, McConnelisburg and Bedford, while others were from the provinces of Maryland and Virginia, who passed over the Indian trail leading from Old Town, Maryland, to the Youghiogheny. These traders were in no sense settlers, and possibly some of them may have passed through what is now the territory of Somerset county, but of this there is no certainty.

It was not long, however, until the actual white settlers began to invade the territory west of the Allegheny mountain and to trespass upon the lands of the Indians by making settlements thereon. A letter dated Winchester, Virginia, April 30, 1765, said: "The frontier inhabitants of this colony and Maryland are removing fast over the Allegheny mountains, in order to settle and live there." In the history of Bedford, Somerset and Fulton counties, by Waterman, Watkins & Co., it is said, that the people here referred to and others, for several succeeding years, settled chiefly in the valley of the Redstone, at *Turkeyfoot* and some other points below, on the Youghiogheny, in the valley of Cheat river and in Gist's neighborhood just west of Laurel Hill or the locality now termed Mt. Braddock. These settlements were all made during the years from 1763 to 1768 inclusive, and with that at Ft. Pitt embraced, until about the year 1770, nearly all of the white inhabitants of the province of Penn-

sylvania west of the Alleghenies.

The Indians remonstrated against this invasion of their territory, and the King of England, in October, 1765, wrote to Gov. Penn, in which he gave instructions, after reciting the grievances complained of, as follows:

"It is therefore our will and pleasure, and you are hereby strictly enjoined and required, to use your best endeavors to suppress such unwarrantable proceedings and to put a stop to these and all other the like encroachments for the future," etc.

Pursuant to these instructions, Gov. Penn issued a proclamation prohibiting all his Majesty's subjects from making any settlements, or taking any possession of lands beyond the limits of the last Indian purchase; but the white trespassers still maintaining their ground, Captain Alex. Mackay, with a detachment of the 42d Regiment, was ordered to Redstone, where on June 22, 1766, he issued a proclamation ordering them to come together and return to their several provinces without delay on penalty of all their goods and merchandise being seized as lawful prize and to become the property of the captors.

These efforts having failed, an Act of Assembly was passed on the 3d of February, 1768, entitled "An Act to remove the persons now settled, etc., and to prevent others from settling on any lands in this province not purchased from the Indians," etc.

In order to enforce this Act, the Governor soon after its passage, appointed the Rev. Captain John Steel, of the Presbyterian church at Carlisle, and three others, to visit the region west of the Alleghenies "to promulgate and explain the law and induce the settlers to comply with its requirements."

On the 2d of April, 1768, they made report to John Penn, Governor of the Province, in which they said:

"On the 31st of March we came to the great crossings of the Youghiogheny and being informed by one Speer, that eight or ten families lived in a place called *Turkeyfoot*, we sent some proclamations thither by said Speer, as we did to a few families nigh the crossings of little Yough, judging it unnecessary to go among them."

The names of these persons are then given, namely: Henry Abrahams, Ezekiel DeWitt, James Spencer, Benjamin Jennings, John Casper, Ezekiel Hickman, John Enslow, Henry Enslow and Benjamin Pensley.

We here have the evidence of a settlement in Turkeyfoot in the early part of 1768, and of a few families nigh the crossing of the little Yough, but as these commissioners went out over Braddock's route, which is in the extreme southern part of the county, they may not have been informed as to settlers a great distance north of that route.

These difficulties were finally settled by a treaty held with the Indians at Fort Stanwix (near Rome, New York) in the fall of 1768, whereby the limits of the province were extended to the present western limits of the state.

There is no evidence of any settlement in the county prior to Braddock's march through the county in 1755, therefore all the settlements made in the county must have been made between 1755 and 1771, when all the present limits of the county were organized as Brothersvalley township, Bedford county, which was created that year; the present territory of this county having previously been part of Cumberland county.

Tradition says that a soldier by the name of Phillippi, fled from the fatal field where Braddock was defeated, and, after wandering in the wilderness for some time came to the Turkeyfoot hills and settled, and settlers were soon after attracted there from Braddock's road.

The next settlement was probably made by a man named Wagely or Wegerlein, who took up a piece of land in Brothersvalley township, which is the land formerly owned by Edward Kimmell, now by J. O. Stoner. It is said that he induced a number of people to come from Maryland and settle on Buffalo creek.

When Herman Husband came to this county in 1771, he found this settlement, which was numerous enough to form a religious society. They had an organized church and a meeting house; spoke the German language and called themselves the "Brethren," and doubtless from this came the name

"Bruder's Thal," which in English means Brothersvalley.

The Berlin settlement was made at about the same time, but was different, as these settlers were members of the Lutheran and German Reformed churches. The Elk Lick settlement was also made at or about the same time, and it is extremely probable, that it was this settlement that Capt. Steele referred to in his report in 1768, when he spoke of a few families "nigh the crossing of little Yough."

Conceding, then, that the Turkeyfoot settlement was the first, there is unmistakable evidence that those in Brothersvalley and Elk Lick were made shortly thereafter, for as Brothersvalley township, Bedford county, was organized in 1771, an assessment was made in the fall of that year, a copy of which is found in the history of Bedford, Somerset and Fulton counties, pages 69 and 70, and in which are found the names of the persons in the Turkeyfoot settlement, on whom Capt. Steele had served notice to quit the territory and also the name of John Markley, the first settler in the Elk Lick settlement and Philip Wagely, the first in the Brothersvalley settlement.

Herman Husband was the first man who established a home near what is now the town of Somerset. He came here in the early part of the summer of 1771. He was one of the patriotic men in North Carolina, who started the movement before it began in the northern colonies, and from whence he fled after the defeat of the Regulators, who were engaged in an effort to overthrow the Royal Government of the province and establish popular government. He was so impressed with his fortunate escape that in an assessment made of Brothersvalley township in 1772, he signed his name "Herman Husband Toscape Death," and in his will, which is the first on record in Somerset county, he makes a bequest to his son Isaac Toscape."

He was in search of an old friend of his, named Isaac Cox, who was camped on the head waters of the stream that still bears his name. Before he found Cox he met a hunter named Sparks, who located near a spring on the place now owned by William A. Miller,

about a mile north-west of Somerset. Husband bought Spark's claim and brought his family there in the fall of 1772. This farm remained in the Husband family until 1854.

The hunters who had located at different points among the glades besides Cox, were three brothers by the name of Wright, others by the names of Pensley, White, Mills, Wilson, Spark, Vansel and Penrod. Husband bought the most of their claims, the usual price paid for a tomahawk right, as it was called, being a certain quantity of powder and lead. A tomahawk right consisted in a settler deadening a few trees near a spring and cutting the initials of his name in the bark of others as indicative of his intention to hold and occupy the lands adjacent to or surrounded by the blazed or deadened trees. Some of these persons took up other claims and became settlers. Cox did not remain, but disappeared from approaching civilization to the wilds of the Ohio river and was not afterward heard from. Sparks moved across the glade to the old Marteeny place.

In the interval between 1772 and 1774, a number of families came to the settlement and the nucleus of Bruners-town was formed. Among those who came early the names of Ankeny Brown, Bruner and Schneider are found.

After the construction of the military road by General Forbes, in 1758, it became the main route of travel between the East and the West, until the Pittsburg and Philadelphia turnpike took its place. Sometime near the beginning of the War of Independence Casper Statler left his home in Lancaster county and moved out along the Forbes road. He located at a point near the top of the Allegheny mountain on its western slope. The following account of this place is by his son, the late Samuel Statler, Sr.:

"From about 1783 I can recollect events very readily. Our place was quite public; scarcely a night passed that we had not lodgers. Soldiers, packers, traders, emigrants and travelers frequently stopped with us. Large bodies of soldiers passed up during St. Clair's and Wagoner's expeditions against the Indians on the western frontier."

The Federal troops on their way to suppress the whisky insurrection passed Statler's place, and on their return halted there a few days. Among the prisoners they had in charge were Robert Philson and Herman Husband.

After the turnpike was finished the Statlers opened another establishment for the accommodation of increasing travel which the new road brought, which became widely known as the "Statler" stand in the days of wagoning and staging from forty to fifty years ago.

The Lambert family, connected with the Statler family, came into the north of the county about the same time.

A man by the name of Burket also came about the same time and settled on what is now the Pittsburg pike, at a point near the "Forbes" road.

Shortly after these parties had come to this county, Frederick Mostoller came from Northumberland county along the "Forbes" road and settled at a point near Freidens Station, Somerset township, where George Reitz lived. He was the father of John Mostoller, who afterwards represented the county several times in the Legislature, and the great grand-father of David and John Mostoller, who are living, and the latter of whom received a medal for distinguished services in the late war.

Among the first settlers in the north of the county was John Bell, father of David Bell, who was an honored citizen of this county and who died several years ago, at an advanced age. John Bell came from York county, settled in the wilderness at a place which afterwards became the Griffith settlement and lived there a number of years, until another family followed from the same county. They did not know of any person living in that section, except a family living near where Stoyes-town now is and another family across the mountain near what is now Schellsburg. These two families they learned to know by having to go to Bloody Run, now Everett, eight miles east of Bedford, at which point was their nearest grist-mill. The trip generally took them three days and at night they had to lie down under a tree at a place where there was grass for their horses. They had no meat, but wild game, for

a number of years.

Bell sold his place to the family that followed him from York and about the year 1800 moved to a place north of Sipesville where Jacob J. Bowman now resides. It was here my informant visited him about 1840 and to whom he related much of his experience in his wilderness home.

This was his second improvement and the buildings were of course better than those of the first, and are thus described. The house was large, consisting of two buildings of hewed logs, one-half used as a kitchen and the other half as a sitting room and bed room, with three windows of four lights and passageway between the two buildings, with a door on either side. All the floors were laid with hewed square logs nicely fitted together, and a ladder to go to the loft. A clap-board roof, kept in place by poles and props from pole to pole. Wooden doors, put together with wooden pins and wooden hinges and wooden latches. Not a nail or bit of iron in the whole structure. There was no need of a duty on iron those days. The barn was made of logs and in it were found the old wind-mill, wooden mould-board plow, pack saddle and Dutch scythe. It must be remembered that all this was a great improvement on the first cabin home. The experience of the Bell family in going to mill was the same as experienced by all the early settlers.

Daniel Stoy was the founder of the ancient village of Stoystown, and lived and died about one mile west of that place. He was among the first settlers in the north of the county and lived to a good old age and was fond of relating the many interesting and exciting incidents of his life in the wilderness.

Among the early settlers in the south of the county was James Hanna, who was the father of Hon. John Hanna, who was an associate judge of our courts and who is now deceased, and of Major Alex. Hanna, who is also deceased. He was a member of the Legislature and always traveled to and from Harrisburg on horseback, and on one occasion he was taken sick at Berlin and had to be carried home on a stretcher. He was a native of Ireland, came to this country about 1790, died in

1819, and has left many descendants in the county besides those I have named.

Such were the conditions under which the first settlers occupied this section of the country. A location fixed upon after a long and tedious journey over hills, valleys and mountains, a lonely life in the wilderness, in an humble cabin. We can readily understand the patience, the courage, the toil and privations they had to undergo.

But this simple, primitive mode of living was dear to them as with stout hearts they hoped and with strong hands worked for a better state of things for themselves and families. In all conditions of life and in all quarters of the globe, in all the ages of the past, there are certain chords of the human heart, when touched, that vibrate in the same manner. Joy leaps as high in the humblest cabin over birth and marriage as in the most splendid palace. Hope springs as "exultant on triumphant wings" over the humble hut, as the lordly mansion and the pang felt by the blow of the death angel is as keen in the household of the humble and lowly, as in the marble halls of the titled of the earth.

To-day when we look over our county and see the beautiful cultivated farms, the thriving towns and villages, and witness all the comforts that surround our people, we cannot but feel that we owe a lasting debt of gratitude to those people who first settled in the wilderness. The pioneer is the advance guard of civilization. His home is the outpost, with all the civilization of all the ages behind it and to which and over which humanity will march to still further fields of conquest. The way blazed to his cabin was the forerunner of the highways and railways over which the commerce of a vast country was to be carried. His humble hut was the simple improvement eventually changed for comfortable homes and his humble surroundings were to

be replaced by all the refinements and luxuries of a civilization that he made possible.

As we look back upon his earnest life, his patience and toil, his courage and strength, his fortitude under all the circumstances that surrounded him, we realize that here was the source of brain and brawn and virile power, that builds up and sustains mighty com-

monwealths and that we have in these brave pioneers and their lives a repetition of the picture drawn by the immortal Burns, when as he stood looking upon the farm houses and cottages which studded the quiet landscape, and thought of the lowly worth, the fortitude, the piety which are often to be witnessed in these lowly habitations, his heart swelled with feelings to which he afterwards gave vent in that splendid poem, "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grand-
eurs spring,
Which make her loved at home, revered
abroad.

Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings,

An honest man's the noblest work of God."

From scenes like these Columbia's grandeurs rise, and from which and through which she has attained to her exalted position among the nations of the earth and has become the most potent factor for good on the face of the globe.

When the Revolutionary War broke out there were but four townships in what is now Somerset county and these sparsely settled, but the people were patriotic and aided all they could in the cause of human liberty.

Mr. David Husband, in his history of Somerset County, says: "When the news of the battle of Lexington was made known, the patriotism of the settlements burst forth in a blaze of excitement. The spirit of the people was manifested by raising a company of riflemen who under the command of Captain Richard Brown marched off to the seat of war. Brown was promoted to the position of Colonel. He fought at the battle of Long Island, where he was taken prisoner. The balance of the company was taken to Charleston, South Carolina, where they assisted in the defense of Fort Moultrie. They were afterwards in different actions during the war, and but few of them returned to the settlement."

During the absence of these volunteers occurred the only trouble with Indians that we have any account of in the history of the county. This was the shooting of James Wells while attempting to harvest some oats on an isolated farm in the northern part of the settlement. He was attacked by a party of marauding savages and in his flight re-

ceived four bullets in his body. He was saved by the presence of mind of a young lady who met him in the edge of the woods and gave him her horse, while she concealed herself in the underbrush. Wells was taken to Colonel Brown's block-house which was located on the old Samuel Will place, near Somerset, now occupied by Windfield S. Walker.

Herman Husband, the only surgeon in the settlement, dressed the wounds and extracted three of the balls and the fourth Wells carried to his grave.

After Brothersvalley township was created in 1771, Turkeyfoot township was created in 1773, Quemahoning in 1775, Elk Lick in 1785, and Milford and Stonycreek in 1792, all townships of Bedford county until Somerset county was created by an Act of Assembly passed on the 17th day of April, 1795.

On the 12th September, 1795, the commissioners appointed by the governor under the Act of Assembly to fix a place for the seat of justice for the new county made report that they did "unanimously fix on the town of 'Summer-set' formerly called Brunerstown as the seat of justice for said county."

Although the county was created only twelve years after the close of the Revolutionary War and eight years after the adoption of the Federal Constitution it was given an English name, as had many of the counties prior to the great struggle, namely Chester, Lancaster, York, Bedford, Westmoreland and others, although this fact does not seem to have been fully understood by the commissioners, who got their orthography considerably mixed, when they spelt it "Summerset."

The name is something upon which we can congratulate ourselves, for notwithstanding the wars of 1776 and 1812, England is the mother country from whence we derived our language and in a large measure our literature and laws. The great body of the common law of England was brought here by our forefathers and forms the basis of our judicial system, and we rival the English people in our admiration for Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Byron and many others of the distinguished literary characters, and we render equal homage to the memory of the immortal Burns along with our own Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Hawthorne and

numerous others. All of these are the common heritage of the English speaking people.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTY.

The next thing in order for our consideration is the development of the county, which naturally suggests two divisions: First, The material development; Second, The intellectual development of its people.

THE MATERIAL DEVELOPMENT.

The original settlers were busily engaged in providing food and clothing for themselves and families. They were not troubled with over-production. At first there was nothing to sell except furs and pelts taken in hunting. As the country gradually became settled and the land was cultivated, rye was raised and as the market for it, as well as the product of the chase, was distant, the manufacture of whisky became a general industry, and as a result of this the manufacture of barrels and other vessels in which to store the product of the rye. The distilling of whisky attracted the attention of the Federal authorities at that early day, as does now the business of the "moonshiner," and the result was the whisky insurrection in Western Pennsylvania.

The construction of the great turnpikes through the county developed a more diversified industrial activity. Rye was still raised for the distillery, but it was no longer the main staple of commerce. Over the highways passed a continuous stream of wagons and vehicles of every sort, including stage coaches, road wagons filled often with immigrants seeking homes in the new world, and immense droves of cattle, sheep and horses. To feed the horses and pasture the cattle, it became necessary to raise grass and oats, and this trade and travel gave business to the landlord and farmer, to the tanner, the wagon-maker, the blacksmith, the saddler and a number of other industries.

In the towns and villages of that day many trades were pursued by men of small capital, who carried on their work with the aid of journeymen and apprentices, who worked from "early morn to dewy eve." In this town, when I was a boy, there were three tanneries; 2 hat manufactories, two potteries; now there are none. This is perhaps a true picture of what has taken place else-

where. They have all disappeared and have been swallowed up by the large manufactories, and the unskilled wage earner is left to fight the battle with his fellow worker for the right to work—yea almost the right to live.

The business of dairying was extensively carried on, and the product of this county was immense. Glade butter, as it was called, was carried to several points east, but Baltimore was the principal market, and by means of this business and our merchants making semi-annual visits to the eastern cities to purchase their goods, a close business connection was had with Philadelphia and Baltimore. Previous to 1850 the trade in Glade butter was controlled by several merchants in Baltimore, but after that, it passed into the hands of several commission merchants of that city, prominent among whom was the firm of J. G. Harvey & Company. The bulk of the trade went to this house owing to the large acquaintance of Mr. Harvey with our people. He informed me that there were 21,000 kegs of butter shipped in one season from this and a few of the adjoining counties, the greater portion of which came from this county, worth from \$220,000 to \$250,000; that 14,000 kegs of that year's shipment went to the house of J. G. Harvey & Co., and the largest single sale of Glade butter made by the house was 5,000 kegs to an English shipper, being the largest ever made in that, or any other market.

The manufacture of maple sugar has grown to be a large industry in our county. In the early days of Somerset county very little corn or wheat was raised, but by the improved methods of farming in the last twenty years, as fine wheat and corn are raised here as in almost any section of country, and wheat has become an article of export. The industry most intimately related to farming is milling. The first settlers had no mill, but either went a great distance to have their grain ground, or pounded it in a mortar or ground it in a coffee-mill. The tub-mill was first used, and there were several of them in the county as early as 1780, one of them in Elk Lick township. The stream on which it was erected still bears the name of "Tub mill" run, and a postoffice has recently been named

"Tub." In the course of time improvements were made in the grist mills, but in the last ten or fifteen years the introduction of the roller process has revolutionized the milling business over the country.

The improved agricultural machinery has revolutionized the business of the farmer and we now scarcely ever see the old-fashioned scythe, or any of the old implements of husbandry. Who does not remember the rhythm produced by mowers in the meadow whetting their scythes, and who can ever forget the sound of the flail upon the barn floor on a crisp winter morning, as it resounded over hill and valley? To the farmer once accustomed to these sounds, but heard no more, they will forever linger, as sweet recollections in his memory.

The wool industry, while it never rose to very great importance, was at one time actively carried on in various parts of the county. Fifty years ago nearly every farmer had a flock of sheep to furnish wool for winter apparel, and the cultivation of flax was necessary to produce summer wear. The woolen mill, the oil mill and the carding machine were necessary in connection with the wool industry, but they have nearly all disappeared.

The spinning wheel and flax wheel are almost things of the past.

The earliest iron works established in the county were forges for converting raw pig metal into malleable iron. One of them was on Shade creek, almost a mile from Shade Furnace; another on Laurel Hill creek, between Trent and Bakersville.

Furnaces were afterwards erected at Roekingham, Shade, Forwardstown and Wellersburg, but all have disappeared.

The most extensive industry of late years, after agriculture, has been the lumber business, and our forests are fast disappearing and the land denuded of the timber. Of the mining operations and the agricultural developments of the county, others are to speak, so I will make no reference to them.

To sum up the material progress of the county, we have the following results: For the first settler that came here almost one hundred and thirty-five years ago, we had a population in 1890 of 37,317, and presumably now 40,-

00. For the first family that came here we had in 1890, 7,350 families, probably now over 8,000; and in lieu of the first cabin there were in 1890, 7,022 dwellings, and now perhaps over 7,500.

In addition to the turnpikes, which were at one time the great highways for the commerce of the country, we have now seven railroads in the county. The Pittsburg & Connellsville, extending through the southern portion of the county; the Somerset & Cambria, the Berlin, Salisbury, and Confluence & Oakland, all portions of the Pittsburg division of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and in addition to these the Keystone and Ursina railroads. For the simple implements of husbandry we have the most improved agricultural machinery. For the old tub mill we have the mills with roller process. For the old Conestoga wagon, we have the Pullman palace car, and besides we have the telegraph, the telephone, electric light and waterworks.

INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT.

It can readily be understood that the knowledge of the first settlers and their means of acquiring knowledge were very limited. While they were men of strong, vigorous sense, and some, like Herman Husband, men of intellectual force, as a body they were plain people, struggling for existence against the forces of nature. As the country gradually became settled schools were established, and here and there throughout the county there were persons who became noted as teachers. Prominent among them were Jost J. Stutzman and his son, Professor Joseph J. Stutzman, of this place, both of whom possessed in an eminent degree not only the faculty of imparting knowledge to their pupils, but also of arousing in their minds an ambition to excel. As long as the people of the county appreciate the value of education, the memory of these men will be held in lasting esteem.

Whilst we have none of the higher schools of learning, the common school system has been developed to a high degree in this county. We have 39 school districts, 234 school directors, 284 schools, 291 teachers and 11,137 pupils, with an average daily attendance of 7,934, and the total expenditure

for the year ending 1st June, 1895, was \$95,724.95.

Journalism in this county has kept up with the march of improvement, and we now have five newspapers in the county, which for neatness of typographical execution, for their diligence in furnishing the latest news and the ability displayed in conducting them, make them rank with the best weekly papers of any other county of the State.

The increased trade and commerce of the county have developed a class of merchants noted for their business skill, for their high sense of honor and their fidelity to all their obligations. The physicians of the county have always held high rank in their profession and the clergy have been noted for their learning and eloquence.

Of the bench and bar another has spoken and therefore I shall not enter to any extent upon this subject. Somerset county has furnished several judges; one of them was the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, who, after occupying the bench in this county, became Chief Justice of the State, afterward Attorney General of the United States and then Secretary of State of the United States. From the bar of this county Hon. Joseph Williams went to Iowa and became Chief Justice of that State. Hon. Moses Hampton went from this bar to Allegheny county and became a member of Congress and judge of the courts.

Hon. F. M. Kimmell was a distinguished member of this bar, was an eloquent advocate and was elected judge of the then judicial district; and Hon. W. J. Baer, after a successful practice at the bar, was also elevated to the bench and discharged the duties of his office with marked ability.

Hons. Chauncey Forward, Charles Ogle and A. J. Ogle were eminent lawyers and statesmen, along with many others that might be named, and one of the brightest intellects that the county ever produced was Dr. William Elder, physician, lawyer, writer on political economy and one of the most eloquent orators that ever appeared upon the platform.

I have endeavored, with the means of information I could command and with such time as I could give to the subject, to outline as briefly as I could

some of the principal features of the growth and development of our county, for it must be apparent to any one who will give it a moment's thought, that it is impossible to give within the limits of a speech that would not exhaust the patience of the audience, "An Historical Sketch of Somerset County."

I may add, however, that the history of Somerset county is the history of our own State, to which forty-five counties have been added since Somerset county was created; and the history of Pennsylvania is, in a great measure, the history of our country, and now, instead of being the Keystone of the Arch of 13 States, there are now 44 States stretching from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and from the British Dominion on the north to the waters of the Gulf of Mexico on the south.

There is ample room for the historian and the novelist to enrich the literature of the future by the material furnished in the growth and development of our great State, to portray the story of its settlement and to bring out in lively colors the scenes and incidents connected with its early history, and to describe in glowing terms the exquisite beauty of its scenery, of its broad rivers, lofty mountains and beautiful valleys.

One hundred years ago Scotland was as rich and beautiful in its scenery as it was a quarter of a century later, and the world paid but little heed to it; but by and by there came a young lawyer from Edinburgh, and by his magic touch every hill and mountain, every lake and valley was clothed with a new beauty to the traveler. "Before his time its history was unknown. It was a confused conglomeration of antique relics in the midst of which nobody save Mr. Dryasdust could live. Passing among their remains the genius of Scott stirred the dry bones and made them live. The lakes and the mountains were the same as they are now; generation after generation, both of natives and strangers, stared at them and saw nothing remarkable. He discovered their beauty and divulged it to the world, and so closely has his name been associated with his own romantic country that unsophisticated

foreigners sometimes fancy that it was called Scotland after him."

What the genius of the "Wizard of the North" has done for Scotland has yet to be done for Pennsylvania, and more particularly for Somerset county, that sits enthroned on the Alleghenies in all the plenitude of her matchless beauty.

In reviewing the history of Somerset county we must not be unmindful of the fact that many of her sons and daughters have gone from her borders, and they and their descendants are scattered over the great States of the West, from Ohio to California and Oregon.

Some of them are with us to-day, and thousands more, if they knew of this interesting occasion, would like to be here, for doubtless all of those who once lived here have many a time and oft experienced the feeling so beautifully expressed in James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "'Mongst the Hills of Somerset."

'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset—
Wisht I was a-roamin' yet!
My feet won't get used to
These low lands I'm trampin' through.
Wisht I could go back there, and
Stroke the long grass with my hand,
Like my schoolboy sweetheart's hair,
Smoothed out underneath it there.
Wisht I could set eyes once more
On our shadders, on before,
Climbin' in the airly dawn,
Up the slopes 'at love growed on,
Nateherl as the violet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset.

How 't 'u'd rest a man like me
Jes' fer 'bout an hour to be
Up there where the mornin' air
Could reach out and catch me there!—
Snatch my breath away, and then
Rinse and give it back again,
Fresh as dew, and smellin' of
The old pink I us't to love;
And a-flavor'n ev'ry breeze
With mixed hints o' mulberries
An' May-apples, from the thick
Bottom lands along the creek,
Where the fish bit, dry or wet,
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Like a livin' pictur' things
All come back; the bluebird sings
In the maple, tongue and bill
Thrillin' glory fit to kill!
In the orchard jay and bee
Ripen the first pears to me;
And the "Prince's harvest," they
Tumble to me where I lay
In the clover, provin' still
"A boy's will is the wind's will."
Clean forgot is time, and care,
And thick hearin', and gray hair;—
But there's nothin' I forget

'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset.

Middle-aged—to be egzaet,
Very middle-aged, in fact—
Yet a-thinkin back to them,
I'm the same wild boy again.
There's the dear old home once more,
And there's mother at the door—
Dead, I know, for thirty year,
Yet she's singin', and I hear;
And there's Joe and Mary Jane,
And Pap, comin' up the lane.
Dusk's a-fallin', and the dew
'Pear's like it's a-fallin' too—
Dreamin' we're all livin' yet—
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset.

And now as we celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the existence of our county and also the day which gave liberty to this country, may we not reasonably indulge a feeling of pride in the history of our county, of our State, and our great republic, the United States of America.

Mulhall, the great English statistician, says of this country, that "If we take a survey of mankind in ancient or modern times as regards the physical, mechanical and intellectual force of nations, we find nothing to compare with the United States in this present epoch, 1895." That "the United States possess almost as much energy as Great Britain, Germany and France collectively;" that "an ordinary farm hand in the United States raises as much grain as three in England, four in France, five in Germany or six in Austria."

He further says that "The intellectual power of the great republic is in harmony with the industrial and mechanical. The census of 1890 showed that eighty-seven per cent. of the total population over ten years of age could read and write. It may be fearlessly asserted that in the history of the human race no nation ever before possessed 41,000,000 instructed citizens."

To this high eulogium it may be added, that in our country greater opportunities are afforded the masses of the people than in any other land under the sun; that here human rights have been attained in a higher degree than in all the ages that have preceded us; that the liberties of this country won by the sires of the Revolution and preserved by the brave men of 1812 and the boys in blue of 1861 are not only for us, but will bless countless millions of the human family in the future.

Realizing then the greatness of our country, its proud position among the nations of the earth, its mighty influence for good to all mankind in the uplifting of the masses of the people and spreading the domain of human liberty, may we not say in the language of the poet:

'Breathes there the man with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said,

'This is my own, my native land!'

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned,

From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;

For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust from whence he sprung,

Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

From,

Standard

Somerset

Date,

Aug 9/95

THE MCLEANS IN OUR EARLY HISTORY.

Very Prominent Names in the Turkeyfoot Settlement.

INCIDENTS IN WHICH THE INDIANS FIGURED.

An Interesting Chapter of Personal History.

SEVERAL interesting papers have appeared, from time to time, in the *STANDARD* relating to the early history of Somerset county, notably those from H. S. Endsley Esq. and from Confluence correspondent, who has kindly promised a communication from the writer. Nothing is more difficult to do than to prepare a paper on a stated subject, especially

when you know very little about the matter.

There can be no doubt that a settlement was made where Confluence now stands and in other contiguous parts of Turkeyfoot long before any other section of the county. The history of Fayette county shows that settlements were made there to some extent as early as 1732, the attention of the executive council of Pennsylvania being called to the fact that French and English traders were located on what was then supposed to be the extreme western limits of the territory claimed by proprietors in the royal grant. The French traders evidently came from the north, down the valley of the Allegheny. The English-speaking traders came from Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland over the old trail leading from Old Town, Maryland, induced, perhaps, to come by the Indians, who from the earliest times were accustomed to visit the frontier trading posts on the Potomac and at other points east of the mountains.

In 1749, the Ohio Company sent Christopher Gist across the mountains to the banks of the Monongahela, where he established a "plantation" and lived for many years as their agent. He became famous afterwards, as the friend and guide of Washington. In 1753, Washington was sent with a letter from Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, to the French commandant at Fort Du Quesne. All these parties started from Old Town, Cumberland, and traveled over Nemacolin's trail, by way of the Youghiogheny to the Monongahela. When Washington arrived at the Great Crossing, he went on an exploration down the river, of course, passing on his way the Turkeyfoot, and from his well known perception it is not likely he would have overlooked the magnificent bottom lands lying in that vicinity, so that it must have been known at an early day to the people who afterwards located there.

Your Confluence correspondent was in error in regard to the relationship existing between the Deputy Surveyor McLean and the writer, as it was John McLean, a brother of Alexander, who was the writer's great-grandfather.

There were seven brothers named M.

Lean, all of whom were surveyors, the three oldest of whom were surveyors with the original Mason and Dixon's survey. This survey was completed as far as Alleghany Mountain prior to 1766, when the Indian guards sent with them by a council of the "Six Nations" left them, and on account of Indian depredations they could go no farther. The Six Nations were so powerful at that time that the authorities asked permission of them to make the survey, and while only a few of their warriors were with the surveyors, they were not molested.

The survey was afterwards resumed and continued to the mouth of Jacob's creek, in 1767, when it was again discontinued on account of the threats of the Delawares and Shoshones, who absolutely refused permission for further progress. The final survey was not completed until after the revolutionary war closed, when Col. McLean and his brother John completed it.

Col. McLean was less than twenty-one when Mason and Dixon's survey was first commenced, he having been born in York county in 1746, and when the land office opened for the location of lands in 1769, he came across the mountains in pursuance of his profession, to stay permanently, as the records show he surveyed the lands in Turkey-foot in 1765. He must have surveyed that about the time of the Mason and Dixon survey. The history of Fayette county claims that Col. McLean made his home at Stonycreek Glades, Somerset county, and being a single man then changed his location frequently until 1775, when he married a young lady named Holmes near Stoystown, and in the following year he moved to Westmoreland county, in the portion now Fayette county, and lived there a great many years, until he moved to Uniontown. He, as stated by Mr. Endsley, was appointed Deputy Surveyor, and his first survey in what is called now Fayette county was recorded in 1772. Two of his brothers had settled near Uniontown previous to his going there. Col. McLean helped organize the ill-fated Crawford expedition, in which the brave Col. Crawford was burned at the stake. He finished the survey of Mason and Dixon's line, as-

sisted by his brother John, after the close of the revolutionary war and when there was a dispute between the citizens of the two states, once he set his compass in the middle of the river and made the survey in that way.

The McLeans were originally from Carroll county, Maryland, and were related to the Carrolls, "Charles Carroll of Carrollton," and also to the McLeans of that state. Col. Alexander McLean was closely identified with all the history of the progress of Fayette county. He was one of the first Associate Judges

of the county, and was the presiding Justice of the first court, after the organization of the county, contractor for the building of the first courthouse, Recorder of Deeds for fifty years, County Auditor for many years, Justice of the Peace in 1784. He was also a member of the first Assembly from Westmoreland county in 1776, before Fayette was formed, and a Justice of the Peace there. He was also a member of the Assembly in 1782-83. He was appointed a sub-lieutenant in Westmoreland county to succeed Edward Cook, who was appointed lieutenant to succeed Col. Archibald Lochry, who was murdered by the Indians in Ohio the previous year. By this appointment of sub-lieutenant, Mr. McLean obtained the title of Colonel, by which he was ever afterwards known.

During the revolution no entries were made in the land office, but after the war Col. McLean was appointed by the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, Chief Surveyor of the State to act in conjunction with a similar officer of Virginia to run a temporary line, as agreed on between the two states in 1779. After many vexatious delays and disappointments this survey was finished in 1782-83. Col. McLean was also Presiding Judge of the Orphans' Court for a number of years. He was an expert and elegant penman, and his deeds and instruments of writing, of which the writer has seen a great many, were patterns of neatness and precision. He wrote more deeds and wills than any man ever did, in the fifty years he was in active business, and gave more gratuitous advice, sufficient to have enriched him over and over

again. He died in Uniontown, December 7th, 1834.

John McLean, as stated previously, was a brother of Col. Alexander McLean, and great-grandfather of the writer. He was a soldier in the revolutionary army, in the 8th. Regiment, Pennsylvania Continental Line. He was a surveyor, as all the brothers were, and was an associate and assistant in the completion of the survey of Mason and Dixon's Line, in which Col. McLean was principal. He also assisted in the surveys in Fayette county and did a great deal of surveying in Somerset county including that spoken of by Mr. Endsley at Turkeyfoot. His surveys reached all over the southern part of Somerset county as far as Somerset Borough.

John McLean resided in Addison township, in a log house which he built on the "Old Road," more than one hundred and fifteen years ago, and which was standing until 1894, when the present owner of the farm, Mr. Wm. M. Watson, tore it down and erected a new one close to its site. During all the years this house stood it was never without an occupant, and it is doubtful if the same could be said of any other house in the county. John McLean was a magistrate a number of years, and dispensed justice with a firm, impartial and even hand. He was a man of education, means and influence in the community. The writer owns an orchard, containing apple trees planted by 'Squire McLean one hundred and fifteen years and more ago. Mr. Watson also has an orchard which he planted at the same time. The writer's maternal grandmother was 'Squire McLean's daughter and most of the information he has was obtained from her.

'Squire McLean was married three times, his first two wives being daughters of the Spencer mentioned as one of the early settlers in Turkeyfoot, and his third wife was named Jones, whom he married at Somerset. One of the Spencers, a son, probably, of the first Spencer emigrated to Ohio at an early day, which state was then, practically, a vast wilderness, and considered far west. He had a son, a boy some ten years old, who was sent one evening for

the cows, and was captured by Shawnee Indians. They cut off the cow's neck, and rattling in imitation of a cow feeding had no difficulty in enticing the boy into their hands. They carried him to somewhere, in the vicinity of or near to Sandusky, a noted Shawnee town in the early days. In an autobiography, written years afterward, he gives his experience during the early days of his captivity. He tells how the Indians made him sleep between them, lying on the ground, and how in traveling along he broke the bushes down when the Indians were not looking, so in case he should escape, he could find his way home. One night when the Indians seemed to be sleeping soundly, he crept quietly over them and got away. Their guns stood conveniently by, and his first impulse was to shoot them both but his courage failed at the last moment. However, when he had crept silently away some distance, afraid to breathe for fear of discovery, he arose to his feet and ran as fast as possible in the direction from whence they came, [keeping a strict watch for the broken twigs as he ran, which necessarily procedure delayed his progress considerably. He took the precaution to bring along a piece of tainted venison, the only kind of provision the Indians had.

The Indians had stolen a horse from a settler when they took the boy, and when they discovered he had escaped they both got on the horse, naturally knowing he would take the back track, and rode after him. The boy became exhausted after running until daylight, and he stopped to eat his venison. Presently he noticed a patch of blackberries and he commenced to eat them, when the Indians came along and saw him. They were so incensed because he ran away, that they whipped him most unmercifully, first with the hickory with the hobbles with which the horse had been secured, but they being twisted and somewhat old and rotten soon broke; then they cut switches from the bushes and belabored him at a fearful rate. He thinks they would have killed him.

but the only switches they could get were sassafras, and being brittle they soon broke when a heavy blow was struck.

As it was he was unfit to travel for several days, and they had to dress his wounds and doctor him. When they finally started they had to let him ride the horse; after this they ran out of food, and found no game to kill. Once they saw a hawk flying with a snake in its claws. They shot the hawk and ate both hawk and serpent. When they arrived at their destination, being still sore from his whipping, he was given into the hands of a hideous old squaw who doctored his sores and adopted him as her son. Once after this she sent him to the river to wash some hominy which she had boiled in an iron kettle, and being in his bare feet he stood in the hot kettle of corn to warm them. The old squaw saw him and she gave him another good beating.

Not long after this a lot of white prisoners were brought in and were made to run the gauntlet, and then killed and scalped by the Indians. The Indians watched this boy so carefully that he got no more chance to run away, and he grew to manhood among them and married a young squaw, a daughter of the chief. Long afterwards he had a desire to see his people, and went back to his old home on a visit, the Indians offering no objection. While there he became very ill and thinking he was going to die, sent Eli Abrams, who will be mentioned presently, after his Indian wife. Abrams found her, and she mounted a horse and started back with him. Abrams said every once in a while she would jump off her horse and gather a bunch of leaves, or berries or roots, which she used in making decoctions for Spencer when she came to where he was. Whether her decoctions and infusions were efficacious or not, he got well, and returned to the Indians with her. Descendants of this Spencer are living in Ohio at this time. One of the original Spencer's daughters got mad at the old man one day and stole one hundred Spanish-milled dollars from him, tied them up in a black silk handkerchief and buried them at the foot of a dogwood tree, as she said. After her mad

all was over she went to get the

money, but she could not find the place again and neither she nor any one ever found the money. Spencer had removed from Turkeyfoot at this time and lived in Addison on the farm now owned by J. S. Darrall.

The writer's paternal grandfather, John Mitchell, was born in 1766, and two of his brothers were in the revolutionary war, James in Captain Mann's company and Thomas in Captain Hendershot's company, and from the best obtainable data their father was also in the army, although he had not been long in this country, being a native of Ireland. These old soldiers were well acquainted with Captain Tissue, who was in the war and whose home was in Elk Lick township before the war. It is supposed, indeed the writer has the information from his father, that Jas. Mitchell served, for a time at least, in Captain Tissue's company, so the presumption is that 'Squire John Mitchell was born somewhere in the Turkeyfoot settlement.

It is certain, however, that the writer's paternal grandmother, who was 'Squire Mitchell's wife, was born in Turkeyfoot. She was a daughter of Captain Andrew Friend, who was in command of a company of rangers for defence against the Indians, and who afterwards served in the revolutionary army. She was born in 1773, in a stockade fort, which was built to protect the settlers against the Indians, where Confluence now stands. This fort was built some years before she was born. The Indians made frequent forages in this neighborhood, and Captain Friend, with his men, was driving them off, leaving the women practically unprotected. Some of them, among whom was Captain Friend's wife, concluded to take their chances that night by hiding in the tall corn. She stayed with her little children all night in the corn, and hearing a noise early in the morning she peeped out, thinking it was the Indians, and saw Captain Friend and his men returning, which can be supposed was a joyful sight to her. That night, in the Fort, Captain Friend's daughter was born. Augustine Friend, a brother of Andrew Friend, was also in the war. He was a mighty hunter, a friend and contem-

OVER THE MOUNTAIN TO PRETTY LIGONIER.

The Delightful Trip of a Somerset Party.

ENJOYABLE CELEBRATION
ON A HISTORIC SPOT.

A Summer Resort that is Gaining an
Enviably Reputation.

A party composed of eight gentlemen left Somerset in carriages last Friday afternoon to drive over the mountain and be present at the big celebration arranged for by the people of Ligonier. The beauties of a trip over the Laurel Hill at this time of the year need not be described to the people of this part of the State—they have probably "been there."

Before reaching the historic village of Laughlinstown our party found evidence of that which led to the celebration—Ligonier's new water-works. The main is being laid to conduct water from one of the crystal streams on the mountain side to the distributing system in the town, and the people of the town are in high glee over the prospect of this modern convenience and the protection it will give against fire.

The celebration of last week was the development of a plan to raise money with which to buy the necessary equipment for a fire company, and the success of the affair reflects great credit upon the management. The celebration was advertised as a Carnival and Dedication, the carnival consisting of field sports, a balloon ascension, pyrotechnic display and a great feast, and the dedication consisting of speeches dedicating four large cannon which were recently mounted in Fort Ligonier Park. The affair in great measure resembled Somerset's centennial celebration, but Ligonier's centennial anniversary passed thirty-nine years ago.

Ligonier was founded in 1753 by settlers who came over the mountain with the army of General Forbes. As a place of rich historical interest there is none other in Western Pennsylvania more prolific than Ligonier and Ligonier Valley. Before the coming of the whites an Indian village stood on the site of this historic town. This was destroyed by Colonel Henry Armstrong on his return from his victory over the Indians at Kittanning. Since that time this place has successively blossomed out as a frontier fort, an early iron and

furnace town, a stage coach town, a summer resort and a progressive mountain town.

Early in September, 1753, Colonel Henry Boquet and Colonel George Washington, who were in command of the two divisions which made up the advance of Forbes' army, formed a fortified camp on the site of the present town, and when, a month or so later, General Forbes came up he strengthened the camp and built a stockade, which he called Fort Ligonier. During the time which intervened between the encampment of the army at Fort Ligonier and the fall of Fort Duquesne there occurred some most important events in the woods around Fort Ligonier. There were almost constant skirmishes, and after the bloody defeat of Grant on Grant's Hill, within sight of Fort Duquesne, the French Commander, De Vitri, led his entire force out to wipe out the army of Forbes encamped at Fort Ligonier. But in this effort he failed. On October 14 and 15, 1759, there was fought in the woods around old Fort Ligonier a most sanguinary battle, the last one of the expedition and the last one in the Upper Ohio Valley. This was really the battle which decided the fate of the great Mississippi Valley and the one which put to flight the fond hopes of the French for supremacy in the great Mississippi Valley and for empire on the American Continent. Here, in the beautiful Ligonier Valley, the soldiers of Louis and of George were brought face to face. These scarred veterans who had closed in the throes of war in Continental Europe, here again fought over their battles and many of these veterans found graves here in the wilderness far from their homes and native land. After this decisive battle the conquest of the French post at the headwaters of the Ohio was an easy matter. This accomplished, the army of Forbes returned over the mountains and Fort Ligonier was one of the few posts at which a garrison was stationed. Although the celebration opened on Friday, that day was used to "tune up," as it were, for the exercises on Saturday. The historic old town was decked in holiday attire, the stars and stripes floating gaily in the park and from the principal residences.

Early on Saturday morning the crowd began to gather, many coming by rail, and others in vehicles from the surrounding country. Shortly after the dinner hour the pretty park was filled with a mass of surging humanity, eager to hear the orators announced on the program.

Addresses were delivered by the following gentlemen, in the order named: Joseph A. McCurdy Esq. of Uniontown; Judge L. W. Doty of Greensburg; Judge Harry White of Indiana; Wooda N. Carr Esq. of Uniontown;

J. W. H. Koontz of Somerset, and Rev. Father A. A. Lambing of Wilkinsburg. The addresses were all of an interesting character, but the majority of our readers will probably be more interested in that of General Koontz than the others:

He began by saying that he did not understand exactly what was meant by this celebration until he reached Ligonier; that he had received an invitation to deliver an address, but as to the character of the address he was not informed until his arrival there. That he had learned that it was to celebrate the great event connected with the march of the troops of General Forbes to that locality, in the year 1758.

He remarked that the events connected with that march and the struggles at Fort Ligonier and Fort Duquesne were interesting because they preceded the revolution of 1776. That the war then raging between England and France was for colonial supremacy in North America; that it ended by the triumph of England.

He then said that this conflict was remarkable because of the fact that France then owned twenty times the extent of territory that England owned and several times more than was owned by Spain and England together.

That the American people had reason to be thankful that the war ended as it did, and then pointed out the difference that would have resulted if France had been successful; that the country would then have been under the feudal policy of that country, instead of the enlightened policy of England; that England was the great colonizer and had planted the seeds of constitutional government on many parts of the globe.

He further said that in the development of this continent from the wilderness and the rule of the savage to the high civilization of this day certain events had followed each other in orderly procession. First, the discovery of the country by Columbus; then the landing of the Pilgrims, followed by the overthrow of France; then the revolutionary struggle, then the formation of a confederacy and subsequently the framing of the constitution of the United States, by which we were made a nation, and paid a merited tribute to the soldiers of 1861, who overthrew secession and slavery and preserved the government.

He spoke in the highest terms of the constitution of the United States and said that the Supreme Court of the United States, the several Federal and State courts were the sure guarantees of the perpetuity of our institutions.

The Somerset party was quartered at Frank's Hotel, and nowhere in this State can more comfortable quarters be found, or a landlord more courteous than the proprietor, Mr. J. Hargnett Frank.

The Hotel proper, with its three Cottages, stands on an elevation overlooking the Valley of the Loyalhanna. From its broad verandas one catches a view of many miles of rolling country. The main building is three stories high, 120 feet long by 40 feet wide, with a veranda extending the entire length of the building. This building contains on the first floor, a bar-room, office, reception-room, reading-room, and one of the finest dining-halls in the State; on the second floor a drawing-room, bath and toilet rooms, and large well-aired chambers. The whole of the third story is divided into sleeping-apartments. A large two-story addition, 80 feet long by 40 feet wide, has just been completed. It contains a grand ball room of ample dimensions, a suite of private parlors and a billiard room. Within the grounds, and, properly speaking, a part of the Hotel, are the three cottages. These houses are surrounded with porches and verandas, and are very comfortable and quiet; being away from the noise and turmoil of the Hotel they are much sought after by those desiring suites and rooms for families. There are a number of other buildings used for places of amusement and recreation.

Ample arrangements have been made for the amusement of guests this summer. A fine band having been engaged for the season, there will be no lack of music for hops and theatricals.

Three miles down the Loyalhanna, on the property of the Ligonier Valley Railroad Company, is Idlewild Park, the largest and most attractive picnic grounds in Pennsylvania.

At ten o'clock on Saturday morning the Somerset party, upon the kindly invitation of the Denny Brothers, visited their famous Morning Side Stock Farm, one mile from town. Here we found the pretty home of the Denny Brothers, located on an elevation overlooking a large portion of the farm, to which one gains access over graveled driveways gracefully winding about the farm. The Denny Brothers are owners of some of the finest horses in the State. It makes the eye of a horse fancier dance with delight to visit their stables, for there are a number of equine beauties, for one of which an offer of \$12,000 has been refused.

Driving a little further east our party came to a truly historic spot—the home of Major-General Arthur St. Clair, a brave general of the Revolution, President of Congress in the continental period, Commander-in-chief of the Union armies during Washington's administration, and Governor of Ohio when that State embraced the territory of five of the most populous Western states of the present day. Large tracts of land, including that upon which Ligonier now stands, had been voted to

him by Congress to reimburse him in part for money expended from his private fortune in equipping his troops and as compensation for his services to his country.

While the other parts of this historic residence have crumbled away, and have been renewed, the exterior presenting the appearance of a modern home, the interior of General St. Clair's parlor has been carefully preserved, with its immense fire-place, its rounded corners, carved-wood finish and hard-wood floors and ceiling. There is no furniture in the room, but in one corner stands the old spinning-wheel on which Mrs. St. Clair whiled away the hours in that probably lonely home.

Only a hundred yards from this home can be seen a mound of crumbled ruins, which is all that remains of Hermitage furnace, built by General St. Clair in 1802. Within easy driving distance is the home of Gov. Wm. F. Johnston, built in 1815.

The visit of the Somerset party was delightful throughout, but this must be true with every person who visits this quaint old town and mingles with its courteous and hospitable people.

Our party left Ligonier at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning to make the homeward trip, having arranged with Landlord Gillespie on the way over to take dinner at his hotel at Jenners. The party was increased at Ligonier by the addition of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Louther and Mrs. J. M. Cover, who had been in Pittsburg and came out by rail to Ligonier to be present at the celebration. The trip over the mountain was made leisurely, for it was a beautiful morning—such as helps the traveler to the full enjoyment of the attractive scenery on the picturesque Laurel Hill.

Jenners was reached at two o'clock, and soon thereafter dinner was announced. If there was any evidence needed of the ability of Mr. Gillespie and his household to properly conduct a hotel it was given in the dining-room that afternoon. It is a safe assertion that a finer dinner has not been served in the county. Although Mr. Gillespie has not had charge of this hotel more than two months he has expended a large sum of money in improvements about the house, and it may now be classed among the very pleasant houses of entertainment in the county. Mr. Gillespie has had many years experience in the hotel business, and it is a fair assumption that he will become very popular at Jenners.

The party reached home early Sunday evening, and each member has cause to retain pleasant recollections of the trip, which was one of great enjoyment throughout.

From, *Commercial*

Myersdale Pa

Date, *June 16 1898*

Allegheny County Md., and Somerset County Pa., Compared.

Allegheny county was taken from Washington county and organized in 1790 with a population of 4,809 inhabitants as shown by the National Census of the year. Its area was 1050 square miles, or 672,000 acres, one tenth of the whole land of the State. Its growth in population and development during the first fifty years of its history was slow—showing a population of only 15,690 in 1840. Since then the growth in every respect has been more satisfactory. In 1873 Garrett county was organized wholly from Allegheny, taking therefrom about two thirds of its timber, but only about one-third of its population. The population of the two counties now amount to about 60,000 inhabitants. Allegheny stands No. 19, in the 23 counties in the State and was named after the Allegheny Mountains; all the other counties with one exception were named for distinguished persons mostly after Princes, Queens and Lords. Allegheny had her centennial in 1890. A very happy and satisfactory one.

Somerset county was taken from the county of the mother Bedford and organized in 1795, with the county seat at Quiggenstown soon after called Somerset. Its territory covered 1066 square miles; 682,240 acres, sixteen miles larger than its neighbor Allegheny. While it was a part of Bedford county, it was known as Brothersvalley. Brothersvalley still exists but only as a small township. It cannot now be ascertained what the population of the county was at the time of its organization. But in 1800, the National Census gave it 10,188 inhabitants nearly twice the population of Allegheny. It is somewhat difficult now to understand when or how the one could so much surpass the other in population and growth, when the two were so much alike in climate, size and many other respects. But Somerset had the old densely populated counties in Pennsylvania east of the mountains, to draw from. In these were many persons eager for new homes, fresh, cheap lands. Allegheny drew her earliest settlers from the lower counties in the State of Maryland and some from Virginia, but as the emigrants then were mostly of the agricultural class, they did not seem to be attracted by the soil and climate of the Allegheny. Still there were fine valleys and bottoms to say nothing about the glades and excellent uplands in the upper portion of the county. In time all these were discovered and appreciated. Settlements and land surveys began early in the seventeen

ed and forties at Spepton below Cumberland, and at or near Fort Cumberland. Col. Thomas Cresap was about the first settler at Skipton, in his stone house as a fortification against the Indians. Later, and now the place is known as 'Old Town'. He died in 1790, over one hundred years of age. Had three sons and grandsons in the Revolutionary war. All officers—another son killed on Savage by the Indians about 1756.

Allegheny county had its Braddocks and Somerset its Forbes, road parallel with each other. Both military ways. The first was traversed in 1755 by an unsuccessful army under Gen. Braddock, and the other by a victorious one under Gen. Forbes in 1758, who captured the long coveted post, Fort Duquesne—Braddock road was abandoned in 1758 and a new one was made without delay and expense. The former road had an ill omen attached to it. Possibly there was a little superstition attended the route. It ought to be noted that the English—American forces in 1758 were stronger and better prepared than in the Campaign of 1755, and the French army much weaker.

The Meyersdale and Virginia contingents rallied at Fort Cumberland, and joined Gov. Forbes' army, at Raystown—later, Bedford. Allegheny county feels a pride in her old Fort Cumberland of 1753, with its many historic incidents. But Somerset too has its forts, one at old Stoyestown, the town itself being named for an old revolutionary soldier of that name and there were three other quaint forts in the Turkeyfoot region, of which history is not so definite but there is still object evidence that they existed in ancient times.

PATRIOTISM AND GENEROSITY OF ALLEGHENY

Bounties and pensions are not as modern as some might suppose for in 1777 Maryland was called on for 2000 soldiers. To induce enlistments to fill the call. the Legislature of that year passed a law of offering a bounty of 50 acres of land and a suit of clothes to each volunteer. In a short time the state's quota was filled with faithful soldiers for a term of three years. In 1781, by another law the state set apart all the vacant, or unappropriated lands "westward of Fort Cumberland", for the soldiers, but a considerable time elapsed before they secured their lands. In 1788 five years after peace Frances Deakens was appointed surveyer with ten assistants to lay off the soldier lots west of Cumberland. In a little over one hundred days these surveyers laid off 4165—50 acre lots numbered from 1 to the above number. These lots absorbed about one-half of the territory above Cumberland—208,350 acres. The lots were awarded or distributed by some kind of a lottery, one to each private soldier, and four to each commissioned officer. 1822 soldiers thus secured their promised bounties, and 212 officers. But there remained over 1495 lots, which the state afterwards disposed of as other vacant lands. So the territory of Allegheny had the honor to satisfy these revolutionary patriots. Many of these lands have been merged into "tracts." But there are numerous ones still designated as military lot number.

These two kindred countries have "faced and kissed, each other," as has been appropriately written heretofore, for a hundred years or more

with Mason and Dixon pacifying the between the Northern cheek of the one, and Southern cheek of the other; thus in friendly touch for nearly forty miles. I Cannot fail to recall it was within a stone's throw of this historic line, on the Allegheny side that your contributor 'first saw the light' and grew up to man's estate with numerous and near kindred on either side.

June 7, 1898.

J. B.
Cumberland, Md.





